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TIRED RADICALS & OTHER PAPERS

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WALTER WEYL

TIRED RADICALS
AND OTHER PAPERS

NEW YORK : B. W. HUEBSCH, INC.
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

To the friends of the late Walter Weyl this book will present more than an intrinsically interesting volume. The validity of the essays at this date, in the light of the happenings since they were written, serves to justify the admiration of those who followed the author's work during his lifetime. The quality of the present volume is such as to provoke speculation concerning the potentiality of a life so abruptly ended.

In view of our ambiguous relations with the Far East the brief articles on Japan make one wish that Mr. Weyl had been spared to complete the fuller study of the problem of which these articles were a part. One of the hitherto unpublished chapters, "The Only Truly Revolutionary Class," taken from an unfinished book, "The Concert of the Classes," suggests the direction of the author's thinking and increases regret at the loss of a more generous development of the ideas here presented.

For permission to reprint some of the papers in this volume, grateful acknowledgment is made to *The New Republic, Harper's Magazine, Asia* and the *National Post.*

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TIRED RADICALS

TIRED RADICALS

I ONCE knew a revolutionist who thought that he loved Humanity but for whom Humanity was merely a club with which to break the shins of the people he hated. He hated all who were comfortable and all who conformed. He hated the people he opposed and he hated those who opposed his opponents in a manner different from his. Zeal for the cause was his excuse for hating, but really he was in love with hate and not with any cause.

The war came, and this vibrant, humorless man, this neurotic idealist who was almost a genius, found a wider vent for his emotion. His hatred, without changing its character, changed its incidence. He learned to hate Germans, Bolshevists, and radicals. He completed the full circle and soon was consorting most incongruously with those whom he had formerly attacked. Today nothing is left of his radicalism or his always leaky consistency; nothing is left but his hatred. At times he hates himself. He would always hate himself could he find no one else to hate. He is becoming half-reactionary, half-cynical. He will end—But who knows how anyone will end?

Radicalism loses little in the defection of this

unconsciously sadistical agitator, for despite his stormy eloquence he was always less embarrassing to his enemies than his friends. His case, however, suggests an inherent weakness in radical movements, an inevitable mortality among radicals, traceable to wars and other calamities, but due chiefly to the manner in which radicals are recruited and the kind of men they are.

There are two large, but not sharply defined groups of radicals; radicals by environment and radicals by temperament. The first are usually the slower and surer-footed because their course is controlled by the rut in which they live; the latter are quicker, more violent, more uncompromising, less realistic, because their radicalism springs from within. They would be rebels in Paradise and reformers in the Garden of Eden. They do not depend on environment for their passion but on their own psychological disequilibrium, their unsatisfied emotions, their agonizing perceptions of the gulf between their ideals and a world that is always out of joint. These men hate all dogmas and conventions that press down on them and they possess the gift of rebellion. But many of them are ill-grounded in their beliefs, for they have chosen a philosophy to suit their nerves, as one chooses a wall-paper. Give them a war or some other excitement and their emotion is deflected, and their radical ideas "cease upon the midnight without pain."

There are epochs in history when humanity becomes tired and emotions age quicker than usual,

and radicals disappear. In the last centuries of the Western Roman Empire, discouraged reformers retired within themselves. Our own Civil War depleted the store of our emotion and for a generation put an end to American idealism. So, also, the aborted Russian Revolution of 1905, which destroyed Russian radicalism for a decade, or at least drove it underground. In such periods of reaction men who might have been rebels become saints or debauchés, depending on temperament and circumstances. At times this day of reaction is brief, a flicker of darkness, a thin black line in a brilliant spectrum. In all these periods, long or short, radicalism declines and radicals fall away.

At worst, however, it is not a unique calamity, for even in good times age deals harshly with radicals. Adolescence is the true day for revolt, the day when obscure forces, as mysterious as growth, push us, trembling, out of our narrow lives into the wide throbbing life beyond self. But one cannot forever remain adolescent and long before a man's arteries begin to harden, he sees things more as his father and grandfather saw them. Once he becomes an ancestor he imbibes respect for ancestors and for what they thought. As young radicals grow older they marry pleasant wives, beget interesting children, and begin to build homes in the country, and their zeal cools. Life, they now think, is more than reform or revolution. There are the lilies of the field, as sweet to radicals as to conservatives, and

as softly beautiful as in the days of Solomon's glory. Life is old and tenaciously conservative, and so is Nature—the stars, the sea, the mountains—and so is Society; and what we are trying to do is only what futile generations long dead and rotted also tried to do. What is the use of these endless efforts to budge the immovable Earth? What use even to look ahead? You "wished to know the secrets of the future?" So Sylvestre Bonnard apostrophizes the perverse beauty, Leuconöé, dead these nineteen hundred years. "That future is now the past, and we know it well. Of a truth you were foolish to worry yourself about so small a matter."

After all, thinks the tired radical, each of us is bounded by his own tight skin, and his life is wrapped up in his own sensations. If I must have a world revolution to amuse me so much the worse; he is happier who can dig his garden and be content. Why fret? Let God in His own appointed time reform the world that He has been rash enough to create.

Such is the course from radical thought and action, from intense preoccupation with the affairs of humanity, to self—self-culture, self-indulgence. Those who return to self after wandering through a wilderness of altruism, acquire anew something of the child's fresh relish for simple experiences. They find all sorts of important little busy-nesses and discover in the small world all the absorbing interests in miniature that they abandoned in the great world. The wearied

Charles the Fifth, abdicating as Holy Roman Emperor, takes up life again in a pleasant little garden in Estremadura. The deposed statesman who is sent to jail recovers his interest in life from a solitary blade of grass forcing its way up between the flagstones of the prison yard. So the tired radical in his smaller way applies his grand passion for Universal Housekeeping to a microscopic farm, and he who aspired to overturn Society (that obese, ponderous and torpid Society that hates to be overturned) ends by fighting in a dull Board of Directors of a village library for the inclusion of certain books. To what little uses do we descend and how gratefully!

If I were the United States of America I would give a few acres, an agreeable wife, two or three docile children and a sufficient tale of kine and swine to every discouraged radical, replenishing him suitably like Job after his trials. I would make him sovereign over these acres and leave him there and forget him. I would not let him loose on the path which he had tired of treading. For progress is halted by these tired radicals who do not know that they have ceased to be radicals. They turn into pillars of salt. There they stand, aging every moment as though aging were all they had to do. Unconsciously they become sensible, glacially sensible. They become expert in the science of Impossibles; they know better than any one else why every thing is impossible because have they not failed in every thing? Oh, how preternaturally practical they become!

How they grow enamored of the Indifferent because better than the Bad, and of the Bad because better than the Worse! How they decline into feeble, dwarfed enthusiasms, the pale ghosts of their former ambitions! But let their decline be smooth and their transition easy. Let them tranquilly convince themselves that "every nation has the government it deserves," that "progress comes by good will alone," that the world will better itself or that it is past bettering, and let them accept all the other sedative aphorisms that end gently in a quietistic philosophy. Let them even grow into clever reactionaries, or after shedding all ideals, become absorbed in business, practical politics or pleasure, retaining only an ironical, half-regretful pity for their callow days of radicalism. Let them go peacefully into the great monastery of Effortlessness, where things are left to God or Inevitable Social Evolution, and whence strife and conflict and zeal are banished.

There is no use crying over those who are graduated out of Radicalism, for the young trees grow where the old trees die. In truth it is the growth of the young that kills the old. The aging, tiring radical, who has unwittingly given hostages to Society and knows what butcher's bills and baker's bills and the wife's dress and the children's shoes cost and what a steady job means, and who has learned in the course of the years what slow monotonous things revolutions are, is also discouraged by the radical fledgelings who being

younger and more ignorant are also more untrammeled, vehement and appealing than he. After all, radicalism is a young man's job and only a few older guides are needed, men who preserve an even balance between imagination and judgment, between enthusiasm and experience, and who though old are young. Every radical movement is a relay race in which a fresh runner seizes the torch from the hand of him who lags. It is better that the tired radicals who have run their course should drop out of the race. Let us therefore not berate them and let us beware of charging them with inconsistency, for they are consistent with the way of life and the law of growth. Let us rather give thanks to them and wish them Godspeed for the youngest of us in time may go their way.

"THE ONLY TRULY REVOLUTIONARY CLASS"

"THE ONLY TRULY REVOLUTIONARY CLASS"

THE rise of the modern wage-earning class is one of the big facts of history. We have always had toilers and have long had wage-earners, but we have never before had a separate class of wage-earners, conscious and even proud of their class, and willing to oppose the interests of that class to those of other classes or of Society itself.

It is the machine which has created this class spirit. The machine called forth its millions of wage-earners, and these, congregating in cities, toiled and bred and died, and toiled and bred and died. Gradually out of an unnumbered horde of starvelings, there grew up a more intelligent, assertive and compact group. The proletarian, the worker who toiled for a wage and had nothing, began to think, to act. He struck. He formed unions, co-operative stores and political parties. He dared look at our whole social structure, our factories and kings, our Parliaments, churches, schools and courts of law from his own proletarian standpoint. He dared to say that he would change all these. He stepped forward as the chosen instrument in a great social revolution.

It is difficult to grasp the full significance and

sweep of this change from the proletarian deject and wretched to the proletarian come to consciousness. Formerly he was docile, insensible, unconsidered, useful, a brick in the building, a thing, a part of our belongings. Descended from miserable toilers, he was born to breed offspring in his servile likeness. Civilization had always gone over his head. Now this rude man stands erect and menacing. Thought is writing itself upon his dull face. He is a giant awakening from the sleep of millenniums. Men see him with his hand clenched, and do not know what is in that hand—a crushed olive branch or a stone.

There is bewilderment and confusion as this son of toil suddenly appears amid a chaffering congregation.

All over the Western World, there are whisperings and quakings and soul-questionings. There is doubt, there is fear; there is the boastful show of confidence covering a cavern of despair. Men talk of adjustment, compromise, war to the knife. The proletarian must be crushed. He must be untaught to read, untaught to think; he must be won by kindness; he must be mown down by the sword.

If in Europe the proletarian has appeared suddenly what shall we say of his coming in America? Yesterday we were still conquering the wilderness, today we are a nation of cities and factories, of trusts and slums. Fifty years from now, when our children will be still alive, our millions of proletarians will be many, many millions; our

proletarian problems, our labor problems, if unsolved, will be of stupendous magnitude and peril.

Already the struggle is on. Though there are millions of wage-earners who are grumblingly content with their lot and other millions who never think of their lot at all, there still remains a vast army bitterly disappointed and hotly antagonistic to all there is. Everywhere are industrial evils curable but uncured; inequalities resting on no rational basis, greed rewarded, cunning exalted, and honest humble toil be praised and despised. Daily the gulf deepens between the man at the machine and the man in the counting-house; daily industry becomes more impersonal, more coldly and scientifically objective, more firmly based upon a division of labor, which robs the worker of individuality, and upon an anonymity of capital, which renders the employer irresponsible. Problems involving the welfare and dignity of thousands of workers are decided on the basis of mere pecuniary considerations by financiers who have no real sense of the human factors involved. Supply and demand, output and profits rule in the stead of a coöperative spirit and a sense of the social and peculiarly human essence of the industrial problems.

It is unnecessary to translate this purely pecuniary spirit into the countless industrial evils which are its manifestations. The waste of child life, the destruction of women, the killing and maiming of men through accident, industrial disease, over-work, insecurity and starvation wages; the

robbing of the worker's dignity, independence and joy in his work, the thwarting of ambitions, the overhanging sense of an anonymous oppression—all these are old, all have been dinned into our ears until we are deaf to them. And yet to them who suffer or daily witness them these evils are never old. A dark spirit of revolt broods over the labor world, revealing itself in occasional desperate ventures, fierce and pitiable. We read of obdurate strikes, bloody clashes with police and constabulary desperate assaults upon strike-breakers, wanton destruction of property. We catch glimpses of a truculent spirit given brutal expression. Equally truculent and equally brutal is the attitude of opponents. We read of vigilance committees, of embittered groups of citizens who tar and feather labor leaders and do not stop far short of murder. We read of powerful associations organized "to smash unions," to put spies into union meetings, to bribe union leaders, to "beat up" union workmen, to mobilize into a professional strike-breaking army the reckless dissolute of the slum. Here and there the tide of passion rises until all good will and mutual accommodation are submerged. In the swirling stream of contending hatreds, law, justice, and morality are lost moorings, and brutal instinctive crimes and subtle gentlemanly crimes intensify the rancor which calls them forth.

Far more significant even than these violent outbreaks is a deep-seated disillusionment of millions of prospering wage-earners. Beneath the

surface of our industrial life, a slow fire smolders. It is a covert, sullen discontent, a loose anger untrained and undirected, a dull sense of injustice, an ardent hope of betterment through untried means. Millions of wage-earners, feeling that something—they do not know exactly what—is rotten in our Society, long for a change in whatever direction. There is the widest range of proletarian discontent from that of the locomotive engineer who wants more dollars to that of the isolated fanatic, who would prayerfully set a torch to our whole Society though he perished in the ruins.

Nor is this discontent likely to disappear of itself. The fuel upon which the fire feeds is heaped up constantly. The army of wage-earners grows at a stupendous rate, and its spirit of unity does not lessen as our industrial concentration proceeds. We are changing rapidly from an agricultural to an industrial nation, and though our farmers increase in numbers the city proletariat increases far more rapidly. No longer is there an outlet for the discontented in beckoning public lands, where a wage-earner might always carve out a farm. No longer is land so cheap as formerly, and yearly the disproportion increases between the price of the acre and the dollars in the pay envelope. Yearly the cleavage widens between workers who must rise from the bottom and educated men who enter industry upon higher levels through college or technical school. The massing of wage-earners in industrial cities and

suburbs increases. Millions of proletarians, graduating from public schools into the common school of industry, come to believe that their only chance is within the proletarian ranks, that "their struggle for life" must take the form of a struggle for the proletariat. Gradually there emerges the doctrine of a necessary and inevitable class war between wage-earners and the owners of the means of production, a doctrine eloquently preached, held to be justified by history and reason, and imposed upon the proletariat for its own salvation and the salvation of society.

This is the portent of today, the prophecy which is thundered in our ears, and of the fulfillment of which our headlong development is bringing us into an attitude of comprehension. The sword of class consciousness is being whetted, and its sharp edge will cut clean through the body social, sundering us into two mutually antagonistic groups. There is much talk of peace and gentleness in this conflict, of struggles without hatred and wars without bloodshed. It is not, however, wholly reassuring. We look at the square chins of employers and at the strong, steady hands of workmen, we read accounts of labor struggles in the past and in this morning's paper, and we do not feel confident of a peaceful war. Already there are open appeals to violence; already there are confident predictions that the sword alone will cut the knot. "It is apparent," says one of our sociologists, voicing a sentiment that is widespread, "it is evident that the industrial situation

in this country has reached a point where men have despaired of relief through the peaceful means of public opinion and the ballot," and believe "that only civil war can readjust the situation."

They who lightly predict a class war without realizing its probable horrors are like ignorantly valorous children playing with lyddite. They do not know what an explosion really is. Though the doctrine does not necessarily and logically imply a clash of arms, still the very conditions of the problem involve the possibility of a sanguinary physical struggle. If there be within Society no final arbiter, no disinterested public opinion, no overriding law, to decide between contestants, if the issue is to be determined solely by the relative strength of the contending parties then a real war, with all the brutalities and bloodshed of a real war, is scarcely evitable. In such a contest, neither side in a moral or a material sense, would enter naked into the arena. Such a conflict would be far more terrible than its dismallest prophets foretell. It would be a war waged on both sides by high ideals, a war without hope of compromise, without possibility of cessation until one principle or the other had conquered, until one group or the other had been disarmed or annihilated. We must revert to international war to parallel the prolific horrors of such a conflict, rooted as has been taught, in the very soil of our economic development.

Nor does the material loss and the suffering of

such a conflict measure its full devastation. Both sides to such a conflict would be encouraged by a morality and a political principle, but both would lose in the struggle the very idealism which inspired them. For however high and noble are the ideals which lead to war, the conflict usually leaves the contestants with their idealism burned out. War is a fire which consumes, while displaying much that is good in men. Intolerance, party spirit, unthinking loyalty, indispensable virtues in war, are vices in times of peace. The war spirit is an excusable reaction against evil conditions, but it is not capable of making the delicate adjustments which will change these conditions.

But is submission better than war, even a cruel and hopeless war? Are we to permit the rapidly forming class consciousness of the workers only to allow it to rust in passivity while present evil conditions remain? Are we to expect the wage-earner to renounce the advantage of his growing unity and accept in a humble and grateful spirit the reforms and concessions dealt out to him by other social classes in a spirit of wisdom, caution or humanity?

Those who believe that this is desirable or even possible misunderstand the entire problem. It is out of the very progress of labor that the problem of labor arises. So long as the worker is enslaved there is no more a labor problem than there is a horse or an ox problem. There may be technical questions as to the proper amount of rations for the economical exploitation of the

slave, but there is no *social* problem. Similarly, so long as the worker is depressed below the level of initiative, so long as he is ignorant, disunited, weak and unexigent, the problem is merely one of what shall Society do with an inert mass, a problem like that of pauperism. The labor problem is what it is today simply because of the wage-earner's rise in the scale, economically, politically and intellectually, and because of his growing awareness of his improved position and prospects.

To urge acquiescence upon the wage-earner is therefore the height of fatuity. To urge him to be content with his improving lot, to surrender the gain of today on account of the gain of yesterday is to urge him to act upon principles diametrically opposed to those upon which the rest of us act. We are not a little illogical in this attitude. Though we deplore the conditions under which the proletarian lives, his deprivation of opportunity and the contraction of his life, still we are estranged by his natural reaction from these conditions. Yet what in his case should we do? The American colonists were not patient, long-suffering men. They destroyed property, poured other people's tea into the harbor, resisted the orderly proceses of the Stamp Act, and engineered a boycott which brought Great Britain to her knees. American proletarians, native and foreign, share in this common revolutionary heritage. True the mass of proletarians like the majority of any large group are slow to anger. But once a strong minority has dug a channel of revolt,

the great inert majority sweeps along with overpowering momentum.

Renunciation moreover is a virtue a trifle out of date. Intended for the social class, it is a dubious virtue indeed. Renunciation is usually a virtue of necessity, passing with the passing of the necessity. Nor can we solace ourselves with the thought that, once the masses are reclaimed by their traditional religion, they will return to their former submission. All that is past. We have lost the idea of a divinely ordained servile class. We have unchained innumerable ambitions and opened the door to astounding successes, disappointments, vanities and hatreds. We have lost Hell, once a scourge of the ambitious lowly; we have gone from a philosophy of fear to one of hope. We have planted our feet firmly upon the planet and in the midst of life are sure—almost over-sure—of life. Collectively we count our chances of life by the aid of mortality tables, betting against Death that we shall live so many years. Famines and plagues disappear and we learn to destroy germs as we destroyed the wild beasts of the fields. Fear vanishes and if we wish to taste the ecstasy of dread, we must join some Suicide Club. Our life has become mundane; we have shut the window which looked out upon the dimness of another life.

The decay of other-worldliness has enormously stimulated the demand for mundane success. It is not that millions of men do not believe in an after-life, but that that after-life has lost its well-defined metes and bounds, and its chief savor. As

Heaven becomes vaguer, money, fame, success, luxury stand out more sharply in the foreground of men's hopes.

All this means a complete revolution in our attitude towards all our social problems. We still speak of a vale of tears, as though life were a protractive trial, a preparation for death, an indifferent preface to life eternal. But this is mere Sunday talk. Actually all of us—the financier floating a corporation, the farmer selling his crops, the grocer laying in his canned goods, the laborer drawing his pay of a Saturday—increasingly want the things of this world, and are willing to take the cash and let the credit go. The laborer, like the rest of us, may think gravely of his ultimate repast with "the politic worms"; but, however devout, most of his thought goes to his own mundane needs, pleasures, interests and complications. The labor problem is not a problem of class renunciation, but of group and individual expression. It is the problem of securing for wage-earners, primarily through their own efforts, the material and moral conditions of life, health, leisure, recreation, independence. It is a problem similar to that of securing the bases of civilization to the whole community.

This is the seeming dilemma with which the Western World is faced,—what attitude to take towards this strange significant phenomenon, the rise of class consciousness. It is a new weapon in the hands of a great but depressed class. Is it to lead to a class war, which will undermine the bases of our civilization and destroy the very

wealth upon which our Society is growing? Are we to have hatred, war and failure? Or is class consciousness to vanish into thin air and the wage-earner to return to his ancient loyalties, his problems and the problems of civilization unsolved? Or is there a third alternative?

No problem could be more vital to our civilization. We have here a large, not clearly defined group, growing ever more powerful, growing ever larger within our growing Society, attaining self-realization and pressing hard upon all our traditional beliefs and principles and institutions because these press hard upon it. We have a series of conditions and theories and maxims which retard the progress and debase the living conditions of millions of our fellow citizens. We have a class consciousness which sunders the classes and appears sharpest in the sharpest crises. The problem is not merely economic but peculiarly human. What is this class consciousness? What is its origin, its strength, its limitations, its germ of evil, its power to cure?

This is the theme of the present book. We shall study this class consciousness, this rise of a proletarian mind, showing its extent and its boundaries. We shall discuss the problem whether this class consciousness is likely to be arrayed against all other classes and whether in such case it could be successful. We shall discuss whether and how this class consciousness can be used constructively to build up a new industrial era and to bring co-operation and concert into our troubled economic world.

EQUALITY

EQUALITY

LAST evening I happened by accident upon a strange coming together of the ends of New York. Seated on couches and chairs in the spacious, unpretentious drawing-room were unemployed men, recruited from the bread-line and the lodging-houses. These unemployed—there were some thirty of them—were the guests of men and women prominent in the city government and in social reform. They had been called in to give their advice to experts, to explain how relief work should be organized, to discuss the infinitely complex problem of unemployment. It seems absurd and sentimental, does it not? And yet it was evident that the expert learned much from these harassed men, who knew how unemployment hurts, and I took pride in city officials willing to study in such a book.

As I listened to these unemployed, as I heard these famished wanderers tell of the monotonous horrors of their life, of trudging night after night through cold empty streets, of sleeping amid vermin on foul lodging-house floors or on chairs in the stench of low saloons, of deprivation, of degradation, of despair, I felt infinitely abased. I looked about me at the well-clad solicitous men and women who had come to meet them, and in

their faces read the same shame that I found in my own heart, the same leaden guilt of living in such a world. But for the happy bulwark of circumstance they too might have sunk into the abyss and joined this despised regiment, useless because unused. What could the fed say to the unfed? What hope could they extend? What did their slow plans for social regeneration mean to wretches whose life would be crushed out long before such plans could mature?

Only the unemployed were without constraint, for they had the tragic dignity of hopelessness. They stood up boldly, spoke not unwisely, and showed no humility, before men who might have housed and fed them for months without noticing the cost. It struck me suddenly that these unemployed men, being Americans, possessed more self-assurance than Englishmen or Germans in like cases would have possessed. These wanderers, despised even by pickpockets, held the stubborn conviction that after all they were human beings and citizens, equal to the others in all respects except the accident of money.

Of course they were not equal, if that word means anything. They had not the health, the vigor, the firm intellectual grasp. They could not reason a thing out; they were too obsessed by the sordid trifles that had become their life. Some were weak because they had grown up in an evil environment; some, no doubt, were handicapped before birth by a fatal heredity. What does equality mean when men are as unequal as these?

What equality could exist between us, who sat apart, secure and fed, and these friendless unemployed, soon to be let out again upon the street, soon to be redelivered to the life that skirts the land of beggary and crime?

We tried desperately to be equal; it was the least we could do. Were we not all men and brothers? We use the title "brother" as men do when in the absence of all social bonds they appeal to the last shred, our common humanity. But though our will was excellent, though we were all engaged upon a single problem, it was not possible even for the short space of three hours to keep down the barrier. The two groups instinctively separated. The unemployed were addresed as "you fellows," "friends," "boys," but the title "gentlemen," which is in vogue in almost every section, was not used. Could it have been used without derision? Is a man a gentleman with whom society deals so ungently? To use that term of equality to one whom you can save from slow starvation or permit to starve, whom you can raise by a nod or condemn to misery is to mock him, as though you offered a flask of perfume to a wretch dying of hunger.

There can be no equality, nor any approach to equality, except among men economically independent and economically comparable. You may talk of equality or fraternity, of equal civil rights, of equal political rights, of the brotherhood of man and all the rest, but unless your man has a secure economic position, a chance to earn his liv-

ing in dignity and honor, he has no rights whatsoever. Political equality is a farce and a peril unless there is at least some measure of economic equality. What does it avail the poor devil trudging the streets without a chance of bed or breakfast, that he is an equal American citizen with a vote? For what or whom shall he vote? What interest has he in all our fine political schemes, in economy and efficiency, in democracy and progress, when he himself after election as before is without a job and hungry? If such a man sell his political influence for whatever he can get, who is there to blame him?

We shall not advance far in working out our American ideals without striking hard at this inequality which has grown with the growth of society and which produces insane fortunes at the top and destitution at the bottom. When we talk of inequality, we mean inequality of possessions, inequality of income, inequality of industrial opportunity. It is not an easy task to eradicate this inequality, nor is it one which can be solved in a year or a decade, for the evil is rooted in complex conditions and in strong human instincts, and some of it is an inevitable result of quite healthy economic processes. Inequality, even in its worst manifestations, will last long, for the very reason that it means political inequality, for the very reason that the man of great fortune is the controller of other men's lives and other men's opinions and votes, and that those who have absolutely nothing join with those who have too much. The road

to equality is difficult and long. We shall not even approach our goal without a national understanding of this problem, nor without radical economic readjustments, which shall prevent excessive private accumulation at its source, and give to men at the bottom of society the economic as well as the educational bases of independence.

THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART

THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART

"THE quarrel," opined Sir Lucius O'Trigger, "is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it."

Something like this was once the attitude of the swaggering youth of Britain and Ireland, who quarreled "genteelly" and fought out their bloody duels "in peace and quietness." Something like this, also, after the jump of a century, was the attitude of employers and trade-unions all over the world toward industrial disputes. Words were wasted breath; the time to strike or to lock out your employees was when you were ready and your opponent was not. If you won, so much the better; if you lost—at any rate, it was your own business. Outsiders were not presumed to interfere. "Faith!" exclaimed Sir Lucius, "that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding."

It was not only in strikes, but in all industrial matters, that we believed it to be an affair of the parties themselves. We had always been taught that the state should keep the ring, but not interfere, that the wage relation was a private relation, that the enlightened interest of employer and employee, if given full play, would benefit all. It was no business of the community to meddle with

the community's business. "Let the state mind its own business," was an axiom of politics.

All this is changing. The philosophy of *laissez-faire,* of let-alone, is gradually eaten away by exceptions. It is not so much controverted as ignored. To-day public opinion becomes the dominant factor in industry. The public is learning its rights and its responsibilities. It helps to determine how, on what conditions, in what circumstances, men shall work. It decides what shall be the hours of toil for women and children. It declares who is right and who is wrong in great strikes which snap the thread of industry. Not only does it make such decisions, but it enforces them with invisible and intangible instruments.

Everywhere we find signs of this keener interest and this broader authority of the public in matters of industry. We cannot read our morning newspapers, we cannot walk in the streets or ride in the cars, we cannot go to school, church, or theatre, without seeing evidences of a public intervention, legal or extra-legal, obvious or subtle. The factory inspector we have long had with us, but year by year his rôle becomes more important and more fully recognized. Year by year the industrial codes of the states expand and grow more explicit and minute. Daily appeals are made for public approbation of industrial acts. An important electric company advertises at great expense that it is saving the lives of hundreds of its workers. Other concerns vaunt their generosity to employees rather than the cheapness of their

wares. "We were the first," advertises one automobile concern, "to establish profit-sharing with our employees." Public approval pays; the public cares. The public intervents increasingly as its interest in industrial matters becomes increasingly manifest.

In times of strike this interest of the public becomes especially clear. If half a dozen workmen in a little bake-shop go out on strike, the struggle is not likely to be of importance to the public. Where, however, the number of strikers is large, the duration of the strike long, the service that is interrupted of vital importance and requiring continuity, where the strike or lockout affects large masses of the population—there the public interest becomes transparently obvious. Our whole industrial society is interdependent; you cannot remove one wheel without bringing the whole machinery to a stop.

In many ordinary strikes on street railways, in coal-mines, in big manufacturing industries, this direct interest of the public is made manifest. The public wearies of being a mere innocent bystander while the two parties fight out their feud at the pistol's mouth. It objects to being struck by a brick hurled through a car window. It objects even more strenuously to being deprived of accustomed means of transportation to which it has accommodated its daily labor and its daily life.

All this, however, does not measure the full concern of the public. How overwhelming that interest might become would be made clear in the

event of a general railroad strike. Suppose that tomorrow all the trainmen in the United States should strike. We do not like to consider such contingencies; as a nation we do not believe in earthquakes except during the shock. Still, the case, though extreme, is not impossible. Railroad employees have a legal right to demand higher wages; railroad companies have a right to refuse.

At the very outbreak of such a strike provisions in the inland cities would rise to famine prices. The steady stream of food would be dammed; the milk supply would trickle, then disappear; the death-rate (especially among babies) would amount to terrifying figures. The strike, were it to last a fortnight, would bring havoc and desolation. There would be blanched faces and desperate deeds; there would be vigilance committees and mobs of unemployed men storming city centres where the food commandeered by municipal authorities would be stored. The machinery of industrial life would break down. A month of even partial isolation might mean a dissolution of social ties and a temporary reversion to barbarism. The cities, in the grip of a relentless, slowly closing fist, would sicken, hunger, starve.

What would happen? We cannot foretell exactly what form public action would take, but we do know that the nation's paramount rights would be upheld, that the stoppage would cease, that some competent tribunal would decide upon the merits of the controversy. In so desperate a situation the legal right of railroads and of men

to make such bargains as they chose would be subordinated to the nation's right of self-defense. When social peace, when the very existence of the community, is at stake, everything—private property, private contract, law, constitutions, precedents—give way. The interest of the public becomes dominant, unique. It is held to justify any necessary action, legal, extra-legal, illegal.

An ounce of prevention is worth a hundred belated investigating committees, and actually the public moves before such devastating strikes occur. A public disapproval, quick and vengeful, casts its shadow before. A sensitive mariner does not wait till the iceberg strikes his vessel; he detects its chill presence miles away. Today astute railroad managers and equally astute presidents of the great railroad brotherhoods understand that they may go just so far in the way of bargaining. Strikes on individual railroads occur, but a general railroad strike, one covering the whole country or a wide territory, is fast becoming unthinkable. Where railroad conflicts of such magnitude are in question the two parties may threaten a lock-out or strike; they may creep to the very verge of the conflict, but not beyond. At the very moment when enthusiasts are clamoring for compulsory arbitration in railroad disputes, we are already approaching what in practice amounts to such compulsory arbitration, with the public as arbitrator.

In five years sixty threatened strikes upon the railroads of the country were averted through the

interposition of the public. Again and again the special representatives of the government were asked to mediate, and in no instance were their efforts fruitless. Neither side dares refuse arbitration; neither side dares violate the award. The fateful issues involved in war make for peace. What is feared is not the injury inflicted by the opponent, but the certainty that the public, suffering grievously, will cause both sides to suffer in turn. For the railroads and the brotherhoods, with their vast resources, could carry on for months a struggle which the public could not endure for weeks. Neither side dares face obloquy or sudden punitive action by the public. Public opinion reaches high up. It cannot be shut out of the home of the multimillionaire. It also reaches down. The officers of the trade-union enter into friendly social relations with many elements of the population. Nor are trade-union members themselves immune. Public opinion is expressed more or less certainly by newspapers which appeal to the very men to whom the union appeals. Where the interest of the public is as obvious as in the case of the railroad, a strike or lockout is not to be entered upon lightly.

There are many ways, much less obvious, in which public opinion affects strikes by throwing the weight of its sympathy to the one side or the other. It does this often crudely, sizing up a situation in the mass, expressing itself perhaps somewhat ignorantly through newspapers, magazines, and protest meetings. The sympathy of the pub-

lic is quicker than its sober judgment; it has little interest in dialectics or fine distinctions; it is likely to introduce extraneous matters into decisions; it is not always free from prejudice. None the less it acts, and acts decisively, in cases where it might seem difficult to exert any influence whatsoever.

Public opinion is not an automatic, self-regulating device in which you put a just cause into the slot and get out a victory. The side with the approval of the public cannot rest quietly, knowing that right will prevail. Public opinion, like other gods, inclines not infrequently to the side of the big battalions. It helps those who help themselves. Time and heroic endurance are necessary to enlist it, for it dislikes labor disturbances in general and hesitates to believe that conditions are evil unless workers strike against them. Public opinion being slow to awake, a strike must usually last some little time before it is concentrated and mobilized. Perhaps it is better so. A social group should not rely too largely upon outsiders. Public opinion is a good ally, but a poor guardian.

That public opinion is daily becoming more potent in labor disputes is clearly shown by the increasing endeavor of both sides to secure its invaluable aid. Skilful statements are issued by each party; the best points of each are elucidated and emphasized; hostile contentions are mercilessly attacked. When the Eastern railroads were confronted with a demand for higher wages for their trainmen, they posted up in their stations

carefully prepared statements bristling with statistics and arguments. There is often a certain jockeying for position. The employers insert paid advertisements in the newspapers, showing that their cause is just or is the cause of the public, and the strikers reply in interview or signed manifesto. Both sides learn to know the best lines of approach to the public mind, for today, as always, we are ruled by phrases. Each group emphasizes its most popular contentions, each group puts its best foot foremost.

All of which is new—and old. There was never a time when the public was so frequently and skilfully approached and never a time when each side to a controversy did not to some extent appeal to outsiders. As early as 1721 we find the master tailors of London seeking to direct public opinion against the malicious "Journey-men Taylors," who "have lately entered into a combination to raise their wages, and leave off working an hour sooner than they used to do," refusing to work and "choosing rather to live in idleness," thus becoming "not only useless and burdensome, but also *very dangerous to the publick.*" Then, as now, it was urged that the strike was against public interest, since the men struck in busy season "against the King's Birthday . . . which is a great disappointment to gentlemen."

Doubtless our modern memorialists, like the master tailors of 1721, are prone to exaggerated statement and even to hypocrisy. Now as then both sides protest overmuch. None the less the

result, on the whole, is good. The entrance of the third party means a certain moralization of the strike and of the whole industrial relationship. Our tame consciences, so largely the reflection of our neighbor's opinions, awake in anticipation when what we do is to be blazoned forth in the public prints. Public opinion may not always be a just judge, but cases arise where any judge is better than none.

Where, however, the two parties themselves can come to a just settlement, it is better for the third party not to interfere. Mutual agreement, where possible, is better than arbitration. When the parties in interest, respecting each other and fearing each other, meet in great industrial parliaments, and there work out trade agreements, solemn, binding treaties—when such arrangements are achieved by the parties themselves—we have a development of industrial democracy more valuable and real than the award of any arbitrator. Where the contestants are not too unequal in strength nor too disorganized and chaotic, where the public interest is not immediate and overwhelming, let the issue be decided by the parties and reserve public opinion as a final resort. Some knots should be loosened, not cut.

Sometimes, too, public opinion itself is weak and distraught. Without concurring with Sir Robert Peel, who asserted that "public opinion is a great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs," we may still admit that it is

not all-wise nor all-powerful. How could it be when the public consists of us and our neighbors, the people in the street-cars and at the baseball games? The public is in part careless, in part ignorant, in part interested. It is too often but a sleeping giant flinging out with heavy fist against friend or foe, hating to be disturbed. Having an interest in peace, it does not always inquire whether the peace is honorable.

Moreover, public opinion solidifies slowly. It is not a whole thing—not a thing of one piece. Some men instinctively side with the workers; others with the employers. Subsidiary interests are involved. Some will make money if the strike continues or is won, others if the strike is lost. Beyond all these, however, there is a social group cherishing the interests of society as a whole (as we all do at times), who want a strike settled or averted only under conditions honorable to both sides.

This basic public opinion is growing in volume and depth. Attracting many people of some leisure and education, it extends downward in the economic scale as industrial and educational opportunities widen, as wages rise, as our high-schools and colleges pour out greater numbers of educated graduates, and as our new national problems give that education an increasingly social turn. Public opinion becomes democratized. To be effective, however, this opinion must not only swell in volume, but be increasingly directed into proper channels. Uninstructed, untrained, acci-

dental public opinion drifts like a huge derelict, and its impact is perilous.

Slowly, however, this public opinion is being unified and guided into effective channels. Appeals are made not only to immediate interest, but to wide sympathies and a common morality. A distinction is made between strikes which are necessary, beneficent, and an education to the workers and the community, and those that are wasteful and disintegrating. The public slowly learns to uphold the right of the weaker. It learns its own right and ability to secure its own protection, to assure itself that industries be not permanently injured, that the human side of the labor problem be not neglected.

Though the weapons of this public opinion are impalpable, they are many and powerful. Political action is one weapon; publicity is another. Business is subject to law, and reforms, fought for uncertainly by hungry strikers, may often be more surely obtained by well-conceived laws secured at the instance of the whole community. Publicity is a broom which sweeps out the dark corners and corrects, by exposing, evils which the law cannot reach. Men who will risk a punitive fine dare not stand up to a Congressional committee or a newspaper reporter. Meditation and investigation are feared by those who have no justice in their cause, and are not only a preventive of strikes, but also a guide to the public in its own determinations. We live today in a statistical age. Statistics help us to discover what is a living wage and

what wages are actually paid in any given industry. The public learns to demand certain minimum conditions in industry and to judge by these whether a threatened strike is or is not justifiable.

It is not only in strikes, however, that the public has been an innocent bystander. If workers become ill or are maimed in factories, it is to the public hospitals that they go; if they work at too early an age, for too long hours or under evil conditions generally, they tend to become public charges. In one way or another the unemployed also are maintained at public expense.

This direct interest of the public is strongly reinforced by a sympathy and a growing moral sense which result in a powerful assertion of popular control in many industrial relations. The vitality of this public sympathy can no longer be ignored. Though fluctuating and vague, it is effective. No conception of our modern life is so unreal and sentimental as that which excludes such sentiment from the category of social motives. The public, semi-uninformed but learning, stretches across class lines, grows slowly into self-consciousness, and exerts its new power wisely and unwisely—and increasingly.

This new social consciousness is partly reflected in what is called "welfare work," an industrial house-cleaning in which the employer wields the broom. Much may be justly urged against such welfare work. Being a reform from the top, it is not nearly so valuable as are democratic reforms secured by the workers themselves or by the com-

munity. At times it is resorted to merely for the purpose of making more democratic reforms impossible. What is given with one hand is occasionally taken away with the other.

There still remains, however, a wide margin of possible benefit in such internal reform of industry, made by employers for the benefit of employees. It is natural that the more intelligent and public-spirited employers should so act. Such men gradually imbibe a more social view of industry, learning it not only as members of the public, but as parties to conflicts and controversies in which the public has intervened. Even employers who have not yet attained to a democratic conception of industry, and who merely provide cottages and baths and midday lunches in the spirit in which medieval magnates built churches—even such as these become imbued with a vague sense that the public has a just interest and enforceable rights in the whole industrial relation.

The development of welfare work or "industrial betterment" has been rapid and continuous. Humane and far-sighted employers have improved their factories and shops, built "model" homes for their employees, and furnished airy and cheerful dining-rooms in which good meals are provided at cost. Baths, night-schools, kindergartens, recreation centres, have been provided for the workers. In some of these schemes a large measure of democratic management is preserved; in certain others the government, though paternalistic, is at least far-sighted and scientific.

A department of health and economics is maintained by one large employers' association, which not only provides recreation, comfort, and sanitary conditions for its employees, but also carefully studies the effect of such improvements upon the productiveness of the force. From this point to the establishment of general standards, which will soon be enforced by law and public opinion, is but a step.

What is most significant about this programme, however, is not the actual reform accomplished, although that is not negligible, but the fact that many benevolent employers advertise their benevolence. Everywhere we find great manufacturing establishments spending huge sums of money to inform the public that they *treat their employees humanely*. It pays the employer to let the public know this. It pays because the public cares. Back of the far-sightedness of individual employers lies the sympathetic concern of a wide public.

In protective legislation for workmen this influence of the public stands out even more clearly. Labor legislation has been slow and difficult in the United States. Gradually, however, public opinion penetrates into the inmost fields of industrial life, and year by year laws are passed for the benefit of the worker, protecting life, limb, health, wage, and morality. Night work, Sunday work, the toil of women, of children, and even of men, are regulated or forbidden by statute. Laws are passed to exclude workers from labor for which they are not fitted, to protect them from

dangerous machines and insanitary conditions, to compel frequent payment of wages, to prohibit the truck system, to provide for factory inspection by state officials. This legislation, though demanded by the workers themselves, is approved and secured by public opinion.

The chief beneficiaries of this benevolent interposition are the weaker and more exploited workers—especially the children. Child labor is no new thing in America. In the early thirties the Massachusetts mills were full of young children and the Massachusetts schools half empty. A child of any age might work any number of hours. Public opinion was inert. Today almost every state has a child-labor law, good, bad, or indifferent, and yearly the laws improve. The public is slowly convinced that children—every-day, ordinary children—are a national asset. No longer is a private agreement between the employer and the child's careless parents inviolable. The public insists that there is a third party to the contract, that this third party has interest overriding the interests of the two other parties.

Women also come under the protection of law and public opinion. Women have always been largely employed. In some of our great industries they were more important proportionately three generations ago than they are today. They are now, however, as they have always been, relatively defenseless. Their wages are low, their skill is low, they are easily replaced. For the most part they form a fluctuating group of young persons,

hoping to marry, and as yet incapable of forming trade-unions as powerful and aggressive as are those of the men. For this very reason, because of their weakness, the state intervenes. Public opinion works also outside the law. There grows up a subtle social code which visits with disapprobation the exploitation of girl workers, and which applauds wholeheartedly the efforts of individual employers to improve conditions.

How far public opinion is to go in this reshaping of our industrial life no one can safely predict. That it will go far, however, is inevitable. The force making for reform is not spent; the ideals, already formed, are not nearly attained.

As public opinion advances it revolutionizes all our social ideals. Business, it is true, remains business, competitive, aggressive, pushing, not a school of the virtues, not a moral gymnasium. At the same time, without excessive fussiness or hampering of individual effort, there remains a widening opportunity to improve and moralize the industrial relation through public opinion. We are shifting the centre of the industrial universe; more and more that world revolves around the man who works rather than about product or profit. Industrial accidents, industrial disease, low wages, excessive toil, industrial autocracy, encounter an ever-stronger public condemnation.

To accomplish our new industrial purposes we are gradually evolving a complex machinery by which the party of the third part makes manifest and effective its will. Great strikes and lockouts

vitally affecting the public welfare are by one device or another prevented from becoming too disastrous. Investigation, mediation, arbitration, legislation, circumscribe and limit such clashes. Public opinion and public law determine more and more definitely what is a fair and reasonable conduct of industry, what is to be forbidden and what permitted in the public interest. Vast insurance and other plans are devised, making for cooperation between the two parties for the maintenance of peace and a nearer approach to justice. More and more the public sets its approval upon great parliaments of industry, in which unions and associations of employers meet together to form treaties of peace. Stability, continuity, security, and minimum standards of life and labor are gradually approached.

We are today only in the beginning of this progress. There will be much warfare, and peace will never be absolute; many experiments will break down before success is attained. Progress, however, will continue. The most hopeful sign in our modern industrial relations is the growing interest and the wider and more active participation by a public growing gradually in intelligence and social consciousness.

THE NEW WEALTH

THE NEW WEALTH

It is a far cry from the present day to that long-ago morning in 1732 when there issued from the presses of Benjamin Franklin, printer, the first damp pages of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Poor Richard escaped the common fate of almanacs, which are not presumed to outlive their year. It survived because, more than any other publication, it expressed the practical ethics of the people, their shrewd, hard, humorous sense. It was America's living philosophy at a time when America was still poor. It appealed to apprentices, journeymen, tradesmen, husbandmen, fishermen, and whalers; to a whole population of poor, ambitious men. It preached to these ambitious poor the ethics of ambitious poverty. It preached self-reliance, individual success, sobriety, frugality, industry.

Let us listen to these teachings. "Time is money," says Poor Richard, "credit is money; money begets money." "He who kills a breeding sow destroys all her offspring, to the thousandth generation." "After industry and frugality," says Poor Richard, "nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings." It is all very canny, near-viewed, and common-sensible. It is the early American version of that immortal,

ever-rewritten book, "How to Get On in the World."

Yet how strangely sounds the worldly wisdom of that day in the ears of the worldly wise of today! Is it still all true? Is it still true in the same sense as before? In this day we beware of being over-industrious or over-frugal. To work too hard and too long is to work yourself out, and conservation, like sundry other virtues, begins at home. It is not economy to save overmuch on clothes, which are the poor young man's advertisement. We must dress up to our jobs, even to the jobs we merely hope to get. Success, moreover, depends not a little on environment, on luck, on the favor of others. Chances, astounding and romantic, come to those who stand and wait as well as those who toil continuously. Our future may depend less on the hours that we work today than on the words or the smile we exchange with some anonymous fellow-passenger in the office-building elevator. America has changed since 1732.

Of that multiform and complex change, no single factor is more important than the astounding increase in our national wealth. Whoever studies the statistics of that wealth, of our commerce, banking, insurance, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, understands forthwith why the excellent virtues of Poor Richard seem a trifle old-fashioned. Nor are statistics necessary. One need but look out upon the face of the country to see everywhere signs of an abounding prosperity. In total

wealth America easily leads the world; in proportion to population, we are among the wealthiest, if not actually *the* wealthiest, of nations. Even more significant is the *rate* of our accumulation. The statistics which indicate this accumulation are from certain points of view unsatisfactory, unmeaning, and even misleading, but they at least confirm direct impressions and are worth quoting. From seven billions of dollars in 1850 our national wealth increased by 1912 to one hundred and eighty-seven billions. America, poor in 1732, still relatively poor in 1850, is now growing astoundingly, one might almost say fantastically, rich, despite its ever-remaining fringe of hopeless poverty.

This wealth does not mean degeneration. There is an old and stubborn belief that poor nations are honest, rugged, industrious, and pious, while rich nations are faithless and decadent. "Ill fares the land," proclaims the poet, "to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." The sociologist, however, fails to find any necesary connection between poverty and virtue, between wealth and vice. All our statistical tests disprove the ancient doctrine that accumulation of wealth means decay of men. Prosperity has its uses as well as adversity, and each has its customary virtues and vices.

It is true that prosperity creates new problems. Wealth often produces inequality, changes modes of life, separates rich from poor, and sows the seeds of hatred and distrust. As a poor, undiffer-

entiated community acquires wealth, and this wealth comes to men unequally, classes arise, and men dress, live, get money, marry, and fight according to the traditions and morality of their own class. Luxury enters. Sparta cannot maintain her strict regimen, her iron money, her rigid simplicity and hardness of life, once the Lacedæmonians acquire wealth. When, under Solomon, Judea becomes opulent, classes arise, morality and religion itself become gilt-edged, and eloquent prophets preach in vain against the avarice, cruelty, and pride of the rich. In Egypt, Babylon, Carthage, great wealth involves subtle and revolutionary changes.

There are men who believe that as Rome grew rich and fell, so America will grow rich and fall. Wealth will beget luxury, and luxury will breed a weak race of soft-handed men. We shall surrender ourselves to a feverish, unresting search for gold. The rich will despoil the poor and corrupt the law. In such a mercenary commonwealth, writes a great American teacher, "the magistrates of the nation will judge for a consideration, the priests thereof will teach for hire, the prophets thereof will divine for money, the princes thereof will be companions of thieves; every one loving gifts and following after rewards."

The error in these doleful predictions lies in a failure to distinguish between ancient wealth and modern. The analogy with Rome halts on all-fours. Rome suffered not because it was wealthy

(it was poor compared to the England, France, Germany, or America of today), but because its wealth was ill-gotten, ill-used, and ill-distributed. Wealth came to Italy through exactions from conquered populations, not from the labors of free Roman citizens, and such spoliation destroys booty in the taking. Nor did the wealth, so obtained, go back into productive enterprises. It was squandered on palaces and arches, on armies, and on hordes of destitute, careless, and oppressed proletarians. It flowed into the leaking coffers of gluttonous senators, instead of spreading wide among an industrious population.

To learn the influence of American wealth upon American character and conditions we must study our problem, not in Rome or Judea or Carthage, but nearer home. We must clear our minds of the inveterate prejudices that cluster about our conceptions of wealth, and must look at the results of our modern accession of wealth as they obtrude themselves upon our view everywhere.

The most striking result of these greater possessions of ours is a rapid increase in American luxury. "Easy come easy go" is the maxim of all get-rich-quick civilizations. As wealth grows the multitude of hard-working spenders grows also, and there develops simultaneously a leisure class which escapes our common debt of labor and lives at its ease, though not always easily, upon the annual fruits of vast private accumulations.

At no time, of course, was luxury completely

absent from America. Men spend when the purse is full, even though the purse be small. Not all the sumptuary laws of seventeenth-century Massachusetts could prevent sober Puritans from launching into extravagance; from purchasing apparel—"wollen, silke, or lynnen, with lace on it, silver, golde, silke or threed." Even the pious slid back into embroidered doublets with slashed sleeves, into "gold or silver girdles, hatt-bands, belts, ruffs, beavr hatts," while women of no particular rank appeared in forbidden silk and tiffany hoods. A century later we encounter disapproval of John Hancock's "show and extravagance in living," of his French and English furniture, his dances, dinners, carriages, wine-cellars, and fine clothes. Washington starved with his soldiers at Valley Forge, but lived like an English gentleman in his home at Mount Vernon. Luxury, pomp, ceremonial were not absent in the eighteenth century, and even ardent democrats, who cheered Citizen Genêt and the glorious principles of '89, and who dearly hated all aristocrats, were not beyond the temptation of an occasional venial luxury.

Fundamentally, however, the prevailing spirit of America, especially in the North, was averse to high living and ostentation. Puritanism was dominant. Its grave, earnest, ascetic conception of life and its strong antagonism to worldly pleasures were strongly reinforced by a social poverty which made the immoral luxuries difficult, if not unattainable. It was virtuous to toil and scrimp,

because capital was scarce and hard working and hard saving were necessary. Many of our virtues are of this color and derivation. They are rooted in the soil of stern necessity.

Even after the need for saving had departed, luxury was held back by tradition. There was a stalwart prejudice against it, and innumerable Biblical texts of incontestable validity backed up the prejudice. Gradually, however, one "younger generation" after another moved further along the primrose path of spending. Religious sanctions dissolved; descendants of Puritans compromised; the comfortable children of frugal Friends abjured gray and affected finery long before they forgot their "thee's" or dropped the pious custom of calling Sunday "First Day." Each decade introduced new and unseemly luxuries, and generations of moralizing old gentlemen and ladies, who in their youth had themselves been moralized over, now shook their white heads sadly over the calamitous decay of American simplicity. By 1840, a nervous, high-tensioned, quickly growing America of canals and railroads and speculative Western farms was spending at a rate which broke all conventions; by the early sixties, sudden new expanding fortunes, born of the war, demanded, and obtained, a spectacular expression.

It is a curious commentary on the way our human minds work, that in the very midst of the desperate carnage of our Civil War, men who were not unpatriotic found the heart to spend millions in strident and vaunting amusements. While

the armies in the field were being clumsily butchered, while long trains were bringing up fevered cripples to overcrowded hospitals, the vainglorious new-rich of the North, fresh from dubious army contracts, opened wide their bulging pockets. At Saratoga, women in costly creations from Paris flirted and strenuously dawdled, while the men were "liquoring up" and gambling at track and table. Never before were theatres so crowded; never before were negro minstrels so tumultuously acclaimed. Italian and German opera flourished. The curled and crinolined "young persons" and the white-vested and chokered "dandies" invaded Broadway stores, where Brussels carpets, diamonds, pearls, and camel's-hair shawls rose to unprecedented prices in the depreciated currency. Extravagance became a cult.

But this luxury, though it confounded our fathers and filled our foreign critics with the sense of an invincible and wicked American levity, was niggard parsimony compared with the spending of to-day. We need not here describe that spending; it is a matter of common knowledge and notorious. We have been adequately derided by native and foreign critics for our maladroit spending, our wanton extravagance, our vast and ludicrous adventures as art-collectors and castle-buyers. The constricted palaces which crowd Fifth Avenue, the "cottages," country houses, private parks, private cars, steam-yachts, bronzes, canvases, ivories, and jewels of our wealthy fellow-citizens have been duly chronicled

by laudator and satirist. Perhaps we have even exaggerated the pathetic absurdity of some of these purchases. Not all have been as grotesque as is commonly supposed; not any has been as significant.

After all, this loose spending of multi-millionaires, though stupendous in its aggregate, remains, in proportion to the total outlay of our hundred million Americans, a very, very small thing. It is merely a straw in the wind. Its true significance lies in its indication of a custom and attitude more general, in its hinting at a wider lavishness—a lavishness which affects not only the immoderately wealthy, but also the well-to-do, the comfortable, the men in straitened circumstances: in fact, all classes, not entirely excluding the poor.

Wherever we look we find evidences of this new prodigality. The statistics of our consumption of wealth tell a consistent story of gradually rising standards of living. Our growing love of athletic sports, baseball, golf, riding; our increasing patronage of opera, theatre moving-picture, and circus; our epidemic of motoring—are all effects of this powerful impulse. Even more significant is our enormously increased expenditure for dress. To-day, more than ever before, "the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." The advertisements in newspaper and magazine, as well as the wide offerings of department stores, indicate the extent of the new spending.

Much of this expenditure is wise and educative. Pleasure is good; spending is not bad; lux-

ury lies along the path of the race's progress. Even ostentation itself is not all evil. Where our spending is bad is where we do not perceive the ordained limits of pleasure. It is only enjoyment in ignorance and excess that is evil. The fortune which is the making of the man who makes it is the undoing of the headlong youth who inherits it, his pulses beating fast. All pleasures in excess lead to pain; all are limited by capacity of nerves and brain. Doubling wealth is not doubling pleasure; a hundred-dollar mechanical doll may be less "fun" than a ten-cent rag baby. Above all, pleasure is limited by the time to enjoy it; in enjoyment, time is more than money.

It is forgetfulness of this fact which makes much of our American spending banal and sterile. With much money to spend and few hours in which to spend it, we become addicted to quick, concentrated, expensive pleasures. We cannot imitate the placid, fruitful economy of the Teuton, who takes his beer and music inexpensively and at his leisure. Nor are we like that abstemious German professor who, on his vacations, traveled on the slowest *Bummelzug* because that way the joyous trip lasted longer. The meteoric flights of our tourists through Europe are in point; the automobile, also, illustrates the nervousness and swiftness of our pleasures. Motoring is broadening and delightful, but we are rushing into this amusement with more than our usual national abandon, and hardly even find time to speed. When a pleasure becomes the vogue, con-

veniences and even necessities are sacrificed to it. We are like those travelers of old who sold their lands to see other men's.

As spending, good and bad, becomes more lavish, and indulgence in many pleasures, common and venial, there follows a relaxation of strict old customs. Dancing and card-playing cease to be the lure of the Evil One, and a lady of excellent repute may smoke an after-dinner cigarette or take a "high-ball." The theatre competes rather effectively with the church sewing-circle, and a rigid disapproval of enjoyment is banished to country districts more and more remote.

All these new morals and manners, introduced by our accession of wealth, do not mean, however, that American nature has been fundamentally altered. National character changes slowly; what we call a revolution in such character is nothing but an inconsiderable change in the relative influence of different groups. Doubtless there lived in Puritan England witty, gay, and roistering gentlemen who preferred cock-fighting to psalms and a bawdy song to an orthodox sermon. Under the Restoration, in a merrier but laxer England, there lived Miltons and Bunyans and Praise God Barebones who would have gone to the stake sooner than to the playhouse. In the earlier time the precisian, in the later the easy-going, sensual man, was in the ascendant. Both groups, however, lived at both times, and their relative numbers probably changed but slightly.

Today, as always, two temperaments and two

philosophies oppose each other in America, but, as our wealth increases the line of cleavage constantly shifts, and more pleasures are considered permissible and even estimable. People who have always abjured the theatre now make exceptions in favor of Shakespeare, Barrie, and Lew Wallace; others who formerly insisted upon a strict Sabbath observance now lose zeal as social conditions change. The two extremes persist. We still have millions addicted to a morose godliness, and taking pleasure in hating pleasure. Our glittering watering-places, on the other hand, are studded with plethoric, middle-aging pleasure-seekers, with lolling, gilded youngsters, with over-jeweled, over-strained, greedy young women—hedonists all. Between these extremes, however, are millions of serious, tolerant, pleasure-loving, hard-working men and women, who live more liberally and more largely than did their parents, and yet "draw the line" at vicious or merely foolish forms of extravagance.

Whether we use our new wealth wisely or unwisely, however, there are many who believe that its mere increase will intensify our proverbial American materialism. For many decades we have been upbraided for our flaunting of gold, for our naked worship of wealth, for our applying merely pecuniary standards to the highest and the best. Concerning our materialistic check-book vandals, the late Henry D. Lloyd wrote with burning indignation: "Of gods, friends, learnings, of the uncomprehended civilization which

they overrun, they ask but one question: How much? What is a good time to sell? What is a good time to buy? . . . . Their heathen eyes see in the law and its consecrated officers nothing but an intelligence-office, and hired men to help them burglarize the treasures accumulated for a thousand years at the altars of liberty and justice, that they may burn their marble for the lime of commerce."

It is doubtful, however, whether America really grows more materialistic as it grows wealthier. Are rich nations more mercenary than poor? Do peoples strive harder for what they have than for what they lack? Are we more materialistic than French, Italians, or Swiss, or more openly and crassly materialistic than were the Americans of Grant's day or Washington's? Ours is still "The Land of Dollars," but surely our present materialism is at least somewhat tempered by idealism. Here and there in our American life we encounter an idealism, linked seemingly with our wealth, practical, business-like, but sincere, almost sentimental, almost romantic.

A curious illustration of a certain over-moneyed idealism is found in the benefactions of some of our very wealthy men. In America, where class sentiment is weak and men have no peerage to which to aspire, and no well-defined leisure-class opinion to which to appeal, even the wealthiest are not entirely above the common judgment of the nation, nor beyond the need of the approval of their fellow-citizens. We consequently find

that multimillionaires, who have acquired their wealth legally and illegally, morally and immorally, make wise donations to hospitals, libraries, research laboratories, art-museums, and other works of social progress. These benefactions have their evil as well as their good side, but no fair man can doubt their impulse. A little vainglory, a little ostentation in competitive benevolence, weighs but lightly against the real sense of social obligation which these gifts reveal.

These benefactions are significant. They show vividly the effect of an enlightening public opinion working on the wealthy as upon the rest of us. The merely vacuous spender we have always with us, but to-day a "monkey dinner" or a similar grotesquerie is hardly "good for" a newspaper head-line, while the doings of the Rockefeller Institute are of perennial popular interest.

Even more important is the light which these gifts throw upon the nature of our vast private accumulations. To-day acquisition by our very wealthy has outstripped enjoyment; it has become, for them, easier to get than to spend. Enjoyment, like property, becomes attenuated, secondary, vicarious. There is more actual pleasure in giving away a library (which in a rather real sense you still own) than in keeping bonds and stocks (of a railroad you have never seen) in a safety vault into which you cannot enter except with the consent of a stolid, gray-coated guardian. The man who owns a thousand-acre farm may know every tree, rock, rail fence. In what

sense, however, has a man *ownership* in a share of an option to subscribe to a certain stock at a certain price? In what sense does any man own ten millions of dollars? It is this mocking contradiction, inherent in the possession of unimaginable resources by a single finite, petty biped out of which our gigantic and increasing donations arise.

It is not, however, by donations and benefactions, munificent as these may be, that the great new wealth of America can be applied so as to bring to the nation the maximum of advantage and the minimum of harm. The final influence of American wealth upon American character must depend upon its distribution. Our wealth has not exerted the smallest fraction of its possible beneficient effect. The fruitful waters have not evenly submerged us, but have come unequally, disproportionately, a flood here, a drought there, insecure and dangerous. We have paid too scant attention to the channels through which this vast wealth flows, and are only now learning, to our cost, that wealth which spurts and gushes and trickles uncertainly, a torrent here, a trickling, dying stream there, may do damage as well as good.

Today opposing tendencies reveal themselves in the concentration and in the diffusion of this national wealth. We have intangible, elusive fortunes, with the fluidity of quicksilver, daily, stupendously growing. We see dismaying contrasts between men who have more than they need, and men who need more than they have; between

multimillionaires, bewildered by the magnitude of their possessions, and abject wretches brutalized by want. And yet these spectacular contrasts tell only part of the story. Simultaneously there occurs a slow but immense diffusion of our national wealth.

To prove this diffusion we might pile up statistics concerning the rise in American wages, the increase in savings-banks deposits, the extension of life insurance, the increase in quantity and improvement in quality of goods consumed by the masses of the people, the rapidly growing number of stockholders in great American corporations. For all this, however, we have not the space. One fact will show the tendency: in the decade ending 1910 the value of our six million farms increased twenty billions (twenty thousand millions) of dollars. Some twenty million people found their property worth twenty billion dollars *more* in 1910 than in 1900.

It is not wholly a favorable development—this increase in the value of farm property. It simultaneously means a higher cost of living and a greater difficulty in securing a farm. But merely as a deflection of wealth, a deflection of twenty billions of dollars, this development is highly significant. It means an unparalleled sprinkling from a vast reservoir. An ever-larger section of the people is emerging from former poverty, is getting into a position where life may be faced from the vantage-ground of a high wage or of a small property. This diffusion means a far

higher standard of comfort in country as in city, among well-to-do, comfortable, and moderately poor people. It means a lessening death-rate. It means that babies can be more carefully treated by physicians and nurses, and can be assured of a better diet. It means that the children of America may be better fed, better clad, better housed, better amused, better educated than before. The new wealth, to the extent of its diffusion and to the extent of its social utilization, means a better school attendance at better schools, an enormous increase in secondary education, a far wider spread and democratization of university education.

Even our inequality in wealth, enormous and incomprehensible though it is, does not deflect all advantages from the masses. Our income is far less unequally divided, and the use of wealth is more general than its possession. The rents of the great city landowner are paid to him; his houses are *used* by the people. Directly or indirectly, modern wealth goes largely to supply the needs, improve the position, and increase the power of the great mass of the population.

If America were to go into the hands of a receiver, if our total assets were to be taken over by one single intelligence, interested uniquely in making the best use of our hundred and eighty-seven billions of wealth, we should doubtless find, after a few decades of such stewardship, that America had changed and American characteristics, qualities, and aspects had changed equally.

Our vast new wealth, wisely applied, would mean the passing of illiteracy, the abolition of pathological child labor, the careful preparation of our entire population for all the difficult requirements of modern life. It would mean the end of low wages, of dangerous and unsanitary factories, of excessive or deleterious toil, of unemployment, of under-employment, of industrial uncertainty, and that long train of vices which follow casual labor. It would mean the end of evil housing conditions; the building of new and healthful, if not always beautiful, suburbs; a bold and successful campaign against typhoid, tuberculosis, and other plagues; a diminution of city mortality, an increase in the amount and a betterment of the quality of life. It would mean improved recreation, enlarged pleasure, a diminution of drunkenness and disease, and an escape from that haunting fear of poverty which so accentuates the gambling element in our civilization. It would lessen that ruthlessness, recklessness, and cynical egotism with which our present-day wealth is so intimately associated.

In the absence of such an omnipotent social intelligence, we must rely upon faultier instruments to secure a larger social dividend from our increasing wealth and our increasing economic power. It is not a question of long division, for a twenty-millionth part of one hundred and eighty-seven billion dollars would not satisfy us, and much of the wealth would disappear in the very process of division. What is required is a

far more difficult operation: a change in our attitude toward society, a responsibility on the part of each for the wealth that each possesses, a responsibility on the part of all for the social and equitable distribution of the new wealth as it pours out unceasingly. The prevention of senseless and socially perilous differences is a part of the adjustment which we must make. Our hope lies in a social reorganization which will make both opulence and poverty impossible, which will increasingly apply the wealth of society to the common needs of society. It is a realization pressing hard on the nations of to-day, and especially upon America.

One might believe that this hope of a better, abler, and happier nation resting upon the broad pedestal of national resources and national wealth was an ideal bounded by the sharp limitations of our existing wealth. After all, one or two hundred billions of dollars is not very much. Our proper adjustment to our present wealth, however, is but the *beginning* of the true getting of wealth. A better distribution and a better utilization of our present wealth would mean an increase in the intelligence and capacity of the people who acquire wealth, than which no better investment could be made. Measured by the men of the coming generations, we are to-day singularly unproductive. We are still pitifully ignorant of natural science, pitifully ignorant of social science. About us are powerful, silent genii, unreined natural forces, which will

rear our civilization once we call them—and we do not even know their names. We live in a veritable welter of social waste, and exist upon the mere scanty fragments of a booty torn to pieces by contending claimants—and we know not how to allay the strife. We are only slowly—very slowly—learning.

As we look forward, we are overcome with the sheer magnitude of our probable future wealth and with our uncomprehended responsibility for its use. What we now have is but an earnest of the incomparably greater stores beyond. We have not yet begun to exploit the resources of our continent. We have not begun to learn from science the magic which will open the earth to our needs. We have hardly approached the study of those great problems of social reorganization and of popular education which will make of these gifts of nature a blessing and not a curse. We are like an ignorant savage starving in the midst of fertile fields; like the pioneer Balboa, wading timidly into an ocean upon which great vessels are destined to sail.

PROPHET AND POLITICIAN

PROPHET AND POLITICIAN

"Good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act."

Of Great Place by Francis Bacon.

As week after week I watched with painful interest the gradual decline at Paris of President Wilson and foresaw his impending fall, I thought increasingly of the similar discomfiture of that autocratic democrat, Alexander the First of Russia, at the Congress of Vienna and after. No comparison or assimilation of the two men can be quite fair to either. Alexander was more vain, more suspicious, more sentimental than is the President, and upon his thin and grandiose imagination a schemer or fanatic might write his will. Mr. Wilson's mind is clearer and his will firmer. On the other hand, the Tsar's democratic principles, acquired in his youth, were more robust than is Mr. Wilson's liberalism, which is a slimmer accumulation of middle age. Like Mr. Wilson, Alexander represented the least spent and most influential nation at the Congress, but living in the infancy of democratic government he had no strong group sentiment to which to appeal. Moreover, he was beset by shrewder opponents than was Mr. Wilson, for there was no Castle-

reagh at Paris and no Talleyrand or Metternich. Like the President, however, the Tsar surrendered point by point, not knowing that he surrendered, and in the end proved as false to the teachings of La Harpe as Mr. Wilson to the mandate of the world's liberals. Striving for a virtuous and pious Europe at peace, he closed his career by fastening upon his own country and upon Europe the most intolerable of reactionary régimes.

It is easy to denounce the Tsar but it is quite beyond the mark. After a century we now see that he could not have built his imposing Federation of Europe, lacking both brick and straw. It is equally futile to upbraid the President who, a generation from now, may be thought of as a straw dyke carried away by the flood, and his failure ascribed to the set of these over-powering currents rather than to his own weaknesses and obscurities. But these weaknesses force upon us nevertheless a psychological and ethical problem, for Mr. Wilson's failure was a poignant moral failure, involving everything in the man that held our respect. I do not seek to praise or blame but to understand; to measure the failure in terms of character; to gauge the man and his method by the nature even more than by the extent of his failure.

It was not hypocrisy that caused Mr. Wilson to preach the gospel of simple honesty between nations and then write a new Brest-Litovsk. Nothing is further from his record both at home and abroad. Nor did he have any ulterior pur-

pose or unworthy intention. The failings, to which his defeat was due, were on a different plane. He was, as we shall later see, over-confident—too sure of his ability to match his mind against the best minds of Europe. He was ill prepared and ill informed. He grew confused and lost his perception of what could, and what could not, be done. He was stubborn when he should have been open-minded, vacillating when he should have been decided. These are not intentional, nor indeed grave sins, but rather the errors of a man who has stumbled into a false position. Indeed from the first he had grossly misconceived his mission in Europe. He had thought of himself as the censor of a treaty to be presented to him, as the detached judge. That treaty he had conceived, moreover, as a necessary deduction from an agreed-on set of principles, like the conclusions of the geometer which grew logically out of simple axioms. Mr. Wilson went to Paris like some medieval Doctor of Theology, with his theses written down on stiff parchment, ready to meet the other good doctors in fair and leisurely argument. Instead of Doctors of Divinity it was hand-to-mouth diplomats whom he met—men no worse than their calling—who greeted him kindly and then reverently laid his neat theses on the table under the map of Europe which was being sliced up. These diplomats, though smaller, were cleverer than the President, and they were playing their own game with their own cards. In this candle-light game

Mr. Wilson had as much real chance as poor Moses Primrose with the reverend-looking man in the tent. Mr. Wilson left for Paris with the best wares ever brought to market, with economic power, military power and the prestige of disinterestedness; he comes back with empty pockets and a gross of green spectacles.

That sounds as though he were a dupe, but the word is too strong. He himself at rare intervals saw the drift of events and perhaps foresaw his own discomfiture, and no doubt bitterly repented his initial errors, made on his sole responsibility, which were leading him to decisions he abhorred. In his over-confidence he had bound, gagged and delivered himself. He had agreed to secret covenants of peace because that was the convenient as well as the orthodox mode of diplomacy, and had given up his chief weapon—the appeal over the heads of diplomatists to the world. Perhaps he did not quite realize the nature of the environment he was thus creating nor its inevitable effect upon himself. Around that cynical table, where the treaty was patched together bit by bit, his Fourteen Points, which had aroused nations to enthusiasm, must have seemed pale and unreal, and I imagine that Mr. Wilson, sitting there alone, was a little ashamed, as Isaac Newton might have been had he written a popular ballad. Idealism was hardly "good form" in that intimate group of four.

To his apparent surprise, moreover, he discovered that his own "points" could be turned

against their inventor. The Italians, though demanding the letter of their greedy pact with the Allies, also demanded, in set Wilsonian phrase, full Self-Determination for the people of Fiume. The imperialists learned to quote the new Scripture to their purpose. But did Mr. Wilson not foresee this? Did he believe that principles interpreted and enforced themselves? His courteous opponents understood the importance of interpretation. Let anyone lay down the principles —Mr. Wilson, the President of Liberia, or even the Kaiser—if only *they* might apply them.

This simple faith of Mr. Wilson in his Fourteen Points, unexplained and unelaborated, was due, I believe, to the invincible abstractedness of his mind. He seems to see the world in abstractions. To him railroad cars are not railroad cars but a gray, general thing called Transportation; people are not men and women, corporeal, gross, very human beings, but Humanity—Humanity very much in the abstract. In his political thinking and propaganda Mr. Wilson cuts away all the complex qualities which things possess in real life in order to fasten upon one single characteristic, and thus he creates a clear but over-simple and unreal formula. As a consequence he is tempted to fall into inelastic categories; to see things black and white; to believe that similar things are identical and dissimilar things opposite. Mexicans seem to him to be Anglo-Saxons living in Mexico and Frenchmen, Italians and Russians Anglo-Saxons on the continent of Europe. His

thinking rarely concerns itself with concrete differences; it is never a quantitative thinking; it is never inductive. And this abstractness of Mr. Wilson is part of a curiously a priori metaphysical idealism. His world stands firmly on its head. Ideas do not rest upon facts but facts on ideas. Morals and laws are not created out of the rub and wear of men and societies but are things innate, uncreated, immutable, absolute and simple; and human relations arise out of them. "In the Beginning was the Word: and the Word was with God: and the Word was God." The Keeper of the Word, the Utterer of the Word is the man who creates. If Mr. Wilson could proclaim the Eternal Verities—the Ten Commandments of International Life—lesser minds might be entrusted with the humbler work of exegesis. His Fourteen Points would, by the mere fact of their expression, work themselves into the body of international life and re-create it in their image.

I do not presume to belittle this philosophy nor to deny to it all validity. Undoubtedly the impressive, half-true generalizations of our Declaration of Independence did contribute to a change in political thought and conditions. Between the Declaration and the Fourteen Points, however, lay a deep gulf. The first was an appeal, and what it lacked in precision it gained in eloquence. The Fourteen Points, on the contrary, were conceived as the basis of an organic constitution of the world, and as such should have been exactly determined and made to conform with each other

and with the specific needs of the nations. I fear, however, that Mr. Wilson never understood his "points" in detail, either their extent or their mutual limitations. Was his idea of "the freedom of the seas" consonant with his League of Nations? Should self-determination have the right of way when an alien Hinterland clamored for access to the sea? You can not lay down fourteen general formulas without raising innumerable questions in political casuistry, important questions which must be answered. Mr. Wilson apparently did not see that his Fourteen Points were not an explicit programme but were something less and infinitely more—a splendid but vague summary of decades of thought—not of Mr. Wilson's thought but of the thought of the world, derived from the long perceived needs of millions of ordinary men and women. Having restated his philosophy Mr. Wilson refrained from taking the next step of working out a plan of action. He went into the jungle with a map of the world but without a compass.

Because of this abstractness, because of his emphasis upon generalization and his neglect of the concrete facts and particular instances upon which the generalization should have been based, Mr. Wilson sat down at the Peace table knowing nothing of the things he should have known. He knew nothing of Shantung, Fiume, Dalmatia, Silesia, Macedonia, and cared little about them so long as his principle of self-determination prevailed. He knew nothing of the complex economic in-

terrelations, friendly and hostile, between various European nations, for he trusted to his not very clearly defined principle concerning "economic barriers." He did not even want to know these "details."

Had the President rightly conceived what minute special knowledge and what practical realistic judgment it required to write the Fourteen Points into the treaty, he would have selected his Peace colleagues from the best informed and most responsible and independent thinkers in the United States. He would also have provided himself with a group of experts with whom he himself would have been in daily communication and at whose feet he would have sat. Instead he employed a body of special students, most of them capable and all conscientious, but a body apart, without instructions, without authority, without real contact with the President, disconnected. The expert who studied Kiaochow was not supposed to know what the President thought, though what the President thought on the morning of the day of decision was the decisive thing. Mr. Wilson's theory was that all determinations must be his and all must be based if not upon direct inspiration then upon evidence sifted by him. But he completely failed to perceive the magnitude of such a task. No mind, however capacious, could possibly have grasped all these intricacies, and where the greatest man would have failed Mr. Wilson failed. He was ignorant by reason of his chosen method of work, his love of political

abstraction, his distaste for concrete, complex, coördinated research, by reason finally of his voluntary intellectual isolation. Working alone he worked too slowly and never finished anything. No wonder he was swamped by the impossible and uncongenial task.

That task, even after weeks and months of work on it, Mr. Wilson never really understood. He saw vaguely that the treaty was turning out badly but he did not quite see what was the matter. The problem still presented itself to him in abstract moral terms; certain people were bad and the proposals put forth by bad people were bad proposals. Since his Fourteen Principles were skillfully opposed to each other until at last Mr. Wilson himself could not choose between them, he fell back in his decisions upon a transient sympathy. He liked certain people, among them Lloyd George, a ready-witted, humorous, easy-principled politician, one of those "cunning" men, of whom Bacon says, that they are "perfect in men's humours" but "not greatly capable of the real part of business." Clemenceau, on the other hand, he seems to have distrusted, and as a consequence the French imperialists seemed—as indeed they were—insatiable. The Italian imperialists also wanted all they could get and knew no other way than to ask for more than they could get. To Mr. Wilson's friendly eye the British, on the other hand, appeared moderate, and were, so it seemed, forced against their will to accept what they wanted. But, unfortunately

for Mr. Wilson's constancy, the whole Conference whirled about like a top, diplomats changed rôles, and allies became opponents and opponents allies. There were times when Mr. Wilson could not determine the relative morality of his colleagues, but, like Alice judging the Walrus and the Carpenter, was forced to the lame conclusion that "they were *both* very disagreeable characters." And, in truth, beneath all apparent concessions to Mr. Wilson and behind all temporary alignments in his favor there existed at Paris and had existed from the beginning, despite intense mutual bitterness among these Powers, a hostile bloc of four nations, held together by secret treaties, which though uncomfortable were binding. The British admitted that these treaties, notably with Italy and Japan, were immoral but would it not be still more immoral to break them? The President, realizing that his dwindling programme was in danger of total extinction, was willing to grant plenary absolution to any penitent Power abjuring its arrangements. But the European governments, as well as Japan, wanted no absolution; they wanted colonies, money, economic privileges. They wanted a good, hard, bristling peace, a blockade-and-bayonet peace, a sinister peace with just enough sentimental coating to get it down. We were to provide the coating. And in the end it was just such a peace that they induced Woodrow Wilson to accept.

It is claimed in the President's defense that no man could have broken through this ring of

treaty -bound nations. But as early as June, 1917, Mr. Wilson knew of these secret treaties. Why did he not then, when conditions were favorable to us, insist upon a revision of Allied terms?

I believe that this fatal omission of the President was due in some part to his habit of ignoring disagreeable realities. It would have been unpleasant even to know about these treaties. At bottom, however, the cause of his inaction lay in his ingrained habits of thought. Mr. Wilson placed his faith then as now not in actual, practical adjustments of aims, in a deed, but in his own exalted words. In due course he would speak out boldly and at his word the strong wall of dishonest diplomacy would fall down.

Does so deep a self-confidence suggest the victorious dream-world of fantasy rather than the world of reality? Does it suggest a man enervated by the secret vice of self-worship?

Here we are treading upon the most private of preserves because most men believe that they are modest—at least in proportion to their justification for vanity—and all of us live in glass houses. We cannot, however, intelligently discuss the President's failure at Paris without considering this quality which contributed to his fall. During long years a man may safely indulge a small vice which in his critical hour proves his undoing. It is, moreover, one of the ironies of life that achievement often brings with it false rewards that make further achievement impossible. Mr. Wilson's past success, his high station, his long

continued greatness were not unlikely to give him a somewhat distorted sense of his relation towards his fellow-men. For almost twenty years, at Princeton, Trenton and Washington, Mr. Wilson, though fighting, had represented Authority. He could remove men who were hostile or remove himself from their influence. He could choose his associates. But the great man who indulges in the luxury of choosing his associates can hardly escape excessive adulation, a sugary poison far more virulent to an urbane, cultivated and sensitive mind than to a loose-lipped braggart, just as secret drinking is more dangerous than swilling in public. No man in this century has read as many million words of praise as Mr. Wilson. It is no disgrace that he is not an Abraham Lincoln, who grew in humility as he grew in power, and accepted praise and blame at their just worth, gratefully yet critically. In Paris as in Rome the President was again placed upon a diet of adulation, but there it was a weapon not an ointment, and compliments did not mean concessions. For the first time in twenty years, moreover, Mr. Wilson was forced to meet opponents on equal terms. He could not depose M. Clemenceau or Signor Orlando or Baron Makino. He could not force them to acquiesce. Further, he no longer had the necessities of the Allies as his ally. Day by day the expectant gratitude of Italy, France, Japan and Great Britain to America grew cooler and their thanks even took on the color of a reproach that we had been late in coming into the

war and had not fared badly. Here was opposition not less real because flattering and evasive, an opposition based on the principle of the "elastic defense," always retreating but never giving ground. In the end it was Mr. Wilson who gave ground, who retreated while thinking he advanced, who presented the case of his opponents, being flattered into believing that it was his own case, invented by himself. It is significant of the truly diplomatic policy of Mr. Wilson's antagonists that he got the publicity and they got the treaty.

At last in these painfully delayed negotiations a day came when he would retreat no further. On Sunday, April the sixth, he publicly announced that he had cabled for the George Washington. A thrill of intense excitement ran through Paris; friends and enemies of the President asked "What will he do?" To his friends the President revealed his intentions. He had compromised too much; hereafter he would take his stand on the Fourteen Points. These friends described to me the President as marvelously calm, with set jaws and "no bend in him anywhere." I went to bed that night hoping that at last the President would stand firm—there in the centre of the world. He did not stand firm. He wavered, accepted small compromises, gave in more than before. The European correspondents smiled ironically. Doubtless they thought of Bismarck's cruel characterization of Salisbury: "A lath painted to look like iron."

It was not cowardice; had the President known at that late day, after innumerable concessions and self-betrayals, how to bring the vital matter of internationalism to a clear issue he would, I feel confident, have risked all and stood up against the world. He had, however, already surrendered too much; he was bound by as many slight threads as Gulliver in Lilliput. He could not now strain at a gnat or even a camel after having swallowed a whole menagerie. He might save his face by making a final stand on the question of Fiume but the Italians would prove that he himself had already countenanced much harsher violations of his own principles. All he could gain was a spectacular tactical success; the main battle was already lost.

There was a still more compelling reason, as I take it, why Mr. Wilson failed to make this heroic decision. There are three sorts of minds in the world. The first can see only one side of every question; it is the mind of the very simple man and of the fanatic. The second sees both sides but sees them alternately, never together. The third, which one may call the synthetic mind, sees both (or all) sides and sees them contemporaneously, weighs them, balances them against each other and comes, perhaps slowly, to a final, firm judgment. Mr. Wilson's mind seems to be of the second order. Granite-like though it sometimes appears—it is wax to receive and wax to retain, eminently impressionable and unstable. It is perhaps because he himself knows this that

he seeks to escape from the rude conflict with other minds and thinks alone—which means to think with the people who agree with what he thought yesterday. Again it is this mind of his with its alternating current that explains the amazing contradictions of his career, his disconcerting changes of front, his infinite self-reversals. To such a mind his seemingly friendly antagonists at the Peace Conference could present an argument of great cogency. To throw over the peace negotiations now would be to desert Europe and to push her down into anarchy. Better a small sacrifice of internationalism, better even the worst peace with order than utter disruption, decades of revolution and in the end a Bolshevik world.

This argument, we may readily believe, was no part of the President's intellectual equipment when he left Washington in December. It represented a recession from his earlier thought, a violent fluctuation. For reasons, not at all occult, Mr. Wilson was more than usually liable at Paris to such fluctuations of conviction and will. He stood alone. He had no "unmannerly" Kent at his elbow to talk bluntly to him and no group of intellectual equals with him, upon whose independent judgment boldly given he could try out new ideas. Not only had Mr. Wilson, with what he has called his single-track mind, to shunt problems constantly arriving on many tracks but he was forced to oppose his individual, impressionable mind to more effective, more stable and much less impressionable group minds. The

English mind at the Conference was a compact, articulated group mind, a mind of a hundred minds, taking up each other's slack, a mind elastic, comprehensive, persistent and working harmoniously. It did not waver like the mind of an individual. The French mind, also a group mind, though febrile was constant and unfluctuating. The Japanese mind was concrete, concentrated and amazingly firm. Back of each of these group minds, moreover, was a national will; back of President Wilson, with his dummy colleagues and his unconsulted experts, was nothing with which he was in touch, nothing from which he knew how to draw support. He had no ballast. An individual arguing against nations, he was subject to the enormous pressure of national wills. Even the American people no longer knew what Mr. Wilson thought, and not knowing ceased to care. He might therefore swiftly change his mind or even pocket his whole philosophy, without America or himself quite knowing.

There was a final reason, I suppose, besides his self-induced impotence and his too ready adoption of principles opposed to his own, that made Mr. Wilson accept his aborted treaty with little show of reluctance. He had his League. It was, he probably permitted himself to believe, the one permanent result of the negotiations, the one curative agent. Let the treaty pass; in time it might die of prenatal defects. The League would not only live but would cure the treaty or create a new one.

It was natural for Mr. Wilson to adopt this compensatory theory which seemed to convert his defeat into a victory. His pride was involved. Though he has in fact contributed little to the detailed elaboration of the League plan (and that little has not always been good), still the impulse was largely his, and he is therefore properly associated in the public mind with the League, which is almost spoken of as Mr. Wilson's League. We are optimistic where our own children are concerned and Mr. Wilson may well have persuaded himself that the League, though weak, faulty, and in some respects reactionary, was still sound enough to redeem the treaty. The truth, I fear, is the exact opposite. Even a poor League would have been better than none had the treaty been tolerable. But a vicious treaty, making for war and anarchy, must of necessity destroy the League to which it is in principle opposed. How can this League, based on the doctrine of unanimity, be much better than the Peace Conference itself? How can it, for example, undo the iniquitous gift of Shantung to Japan when such recession requires Japan's own consent? I do not wish to prejudge the new Covenant but it is surely a sign of Mr. Wilson's far-away abstractness and of his failure to grasp near realities that he was willing to bargain the treaty for the League, instead of offering the League (and with it America's moral and material support to Europe) for the only sort of peace that we should be willing to maintain. It is even in doubt whether the

President looked very closely at his League or assured himself that it was real and not counterfeit.

Thus comes to an inglorious end the quest of Woodrow Wilson in search of a new world. There also comes to an end—for a time at least—the hopes of millions of men. It is further disheartening that the defeat will be ascribed to that very political idealism which alone might have made a success possible. Those who despise all idealism in politics will exult over this new Don Quixote overthrown and bespattered, this new saint seduced. They will wish to revert to the old time diplomatist, the dollar and steel and sausage diplomatist, who has as few ideals as may be but has his broad feet flat on the ground. They will call for an end of prophets and idealists. In their churches they are willing to read Isaiah and Habakkuk but they want no latter-day prophets stalking about on week days.

This theory that it was the idealism of Mr. Wilson that undid him, is, I am convinced, quite false. The President has at rare moments the earnestness, the vision and the deep eloquence of the Hebrew prophets, and it is these qualities which, if they stood alone, would make him a truly great man, one of the greatest. But Woodrow Wilson is also a politician. No one could have become President of Princeton or Governor of New Jersey without knowing and, in some sense, loving the currents and deceptive undercurrents of what we call political life. It was

not Woodrow Wilson, the prophet and idealist, who was overturned at Paris, for whatever his defects, his abstractness, his metaphysical idealism, his over-confidence, his vanity, he might always have retrieved himself and gained at least a moral victory by a final refusal. The man who was discomfited was Woodrow Wilson the politician, the man who thought he could play the European game, who was not afraid of the dark, who at times seemed to bargain for his own hand, for his personal prestige and his political party, instead of fighting always and solely, win or lose, for his ideals. A man can not both be celestial and subterranean; he can not at once stand on the mountain top and in the cellar. When the President of the United States who had stirred mankind as it had not been stirred for decades withdrew from the inspiration of the peoples of the world and agreed to a "give-and-take peace" secretly arrived at by bargaining—when Mr. Wilson surrendered the rôle of prophet and accepted the lesser rôle of opportunist politician—he became as one of the others, a little less than the others.

IN THE KING'S ROBING ROOM

IN THE KING'S ROBING ROOM

Sir Leo Chiozza Money—What particular service do you perform for the community as a coal-owner?

Witness—(The Duke of Northumberland)—As an owner of coal I do not perform any service for the community. I look after my property to my best advantage. I do not know whether you call that service.

Sir Leo—The personal service you perform is very slight.

Minutes of the British Coal Commission.
(London *Times* and London *Daily Herald.*)

ONE suspects that even the "bobbie" at the door has an inkling of the truth. He is the ideal London policeman, as authentically English as Westminster itself. In front of the door-way of the House of Lords he stands, as stiff as a caryatid, while inside Revolution holds its full-dress rehearsal. Outwardly he preserves his professional cheery aloofness. "The Coal Commission, Sir? It's in the King's Robing Room. Yes, Sir. Right ahead, Sir." But even for a London policeman, who has experienced all things, it is a bit confusing to stand guard over a revolution. It is like escorting a hurricane across the street.

As for the rest of London it is skeptical of revolution, which, like suicide, is a thing "one does not do." In this respectable English view revolution is a foreign malady, the indicia of which are

riots, the release of prisoners, promiscuous shooting on the streets and Sabbath breaking. None of these signs do you note when you pass the policeman and enter the King's Robing Room, a spacious lofty chamber, the walls brilliantly decorated with scenes from the lives of King Arthur and Sir Galahad. Six men sit on one side of a long table and six on the other and between them suave and witty Justice Sankey, presiding officer and moderator. The six men on the labor side do not carry bombs and will not mount barricades. There is Robert Smillie, the Miner's President, clear-eyed, cool, a hard hitter and fair fighter, a guiding mind. There is Herbert Smith, the Vice-President, slow to speak but effective in speech. Near him sits Frank Hodges, the Miners' Secretary, young, ardent, nimble-witted, with an education begun in the mines, continued at the University, and still continuing. Then there is Sidney Webb; R. H. Tawney, fellow of Balliol and promoter of the Workers' Educational Association; and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, Socialist, author, statistician, alert as a lynx. These men are among the ablest in Great Britain. The men on the other side are also very capable but intellectually less distinguished. The witnesses are clever, dull, facile, pedantic. Some of the testimony is technical, some abstruse, some bookish. At times you imagine that you are watching a hesitating glacier, not a rapid revolution.

But that is how they manage in England. The English are an ironic people taking a solemn pleas-

ure in grotesquely false appearances. Things there are never what they seem. The servant, who says "Thank you, Sir," is not a cringing but an assertive person who knows he is better than you, and the excessively dull Britisher, who seems impervious to a joke, may be merely undercutting your wit. No foreigner can gauge the democracy, aristocracy, gravity or levity of this gifted, topsy-turvy folk. It is only in England that revolutions take place in the King's Robing Room in the minutes of a Coal Commission.

It is no ordinary commission. Your usual Royal Commission is your only true grave-digger, talking to death the quick emotions generated during decades of oppression and decently interring them. Or an embalmer, who preserves from decay the dead body of grievances to the end that, later, spectacled undergraduates may deplore the evils of a former day. From Royal Commission to Parliamentary waste-paper basket has been the road of the well-laid plans of zealous men who imagined that they were making history. This Coal Commission, unlike the others, is itself a statutory body "with authority of Parliament behind it." It is a continuing commission with the widest terms of reference. It is bi-partisan, not impartial. It is a commission with the right to compel the production of persons and papers, and it uses that right freely.

I was present when Mr. Smillie demanded the appearance of various noblemen who receive their income from mine royalties. "I ask you," he

said to the Chairman, "to subpœna the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Durham, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Tredegar . . ." As he pronounced each name and title the Chairman repeated them, and in this contrast of voices and intonations I seemed to discover one of the roots of the elusive class conflict in England. It was as though men of two nations spoke; the rough proletarian accent of Smillie contrasted harshly with the easy, cultured utterance of Justice Sankey, the neat clearness of his syllables, his quiet cadences. It almost seemed as though the Justice was mocking Mr. Smillie. But he was not mocking; it was merely the University conversing with the board school. Behind his charming smile the Justice, as he toyed with his pencil, was swiftly deciding to bring the Peers here before the miners with papers, documents and, if necessary, title deeds.

Now the mere summoning of these Peers was almost a revolutionary event, for it is unusual for coal-diggers to subpœna Lords. It is a sign of a social overturn. True, it is in the King's name that they are summoned but King George the Fifth, by the grace of God, had little enough to do with it. Some day, perhaps, the King will summon the King to the King's Robing Room to show cause why the King shall not be deposed, and, if summoned, the King will come. So the Peers came and testified and went, came and went in sober twentieth century morning clothes, and all that spectacular part of the business is over.

But the question remains what does it all mean? What did these miners and these Peers of the Realm think of one another? And what is to come of it?

The summoning of the Peers was not a mere theatricalism but a formal challenge of the highest social class by the lowest. Mr. Smillie knew, and the Peers knew, that both are protagonists, the champions of multitudes far greater than the groups immediately represented. Back of the miners stand millions of wage-earners and their sympathizers who have never descended a shaft, and back of the Peers millions of business and professional men, and good men and women of all trades and none, who do not aspire even to knighthood. The calling of the Peers was a warning to all that the workers were taking high ground. In earlier days, as in the heroic coal strike of 1844, the miners asked only for a pitiful measure of justice, for the right to have their coal honestly weighed, for the abolition of truck stores, for a few pence more and a few minutes less. Today their demands reach down to the deepest roots of our industrial system. They demand the nationalization of the mines, the control of the industry by the miners, the abolition of profits. Through their insistent questions there runs this revolutionary doctrine; the dukes, earls, and marquises did not produce the coal; they perform no public service; they derive their wealth from the labor of the exploited miners; they have no title to absolute ownership; the State has the right and the

duty to take over these mines, with or without compensation.

When men feel deeply they tend to drop into religious phraseology.

Mr. Smillie—"There is a very old book which says: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Would you deny that authority?"

The Witness (Lord Durham)—"I prefer another authority which says: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' "

Mr. Smillie—"That is exactly what I want to be done at the present time, because if 'the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,' it cannot be the property of individuals."

Does not this battle of the texts recall the theological arguments of the "mad priest of Kent," who five hundred years ago went from village to village haranguing the peasants on the greens? It is the same appeal to an original human equality, the same confident reliance upon God's own intention.

"Good people," said John Ball, "things will never go well in England, so long as goods be not kept in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom men call lords greater folk than we? If all come from the same father and mother, Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make

us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride?

"They are clothed in velvet and are warm in their furs and ermine, while we are covered in rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread, and we oatcake and straw and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the wind and rain in the fields. And yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state."

Today, as five hundred years ago, but today in the King's Robing Room instead of on the village green, you hear again this eternal contrast between the lives of rich and poor, between ermine and rags, between leisure and fine houses and "pain and labor, the wind and rain in the fields." After asking whether the late Duke of Hamilton's annual income was not £240,000 Mr. Smillie justifies his question by pointing out that for forty years the miners and their families on the Duke's estate have been kept on the verge of starvation. He establishes the fact that the late Duke's family, consisting of one little girl, possesses five mansions and he continues his questioning of the Duke's agent, Mr. Timothy Warren, as follows:

Mr. Smillie—"Do you know Hamilton Place well?"

The Witness—"Yes."

Mr. Smillie—"It is a fairly large building with a good many apartments?"

The Witness—"Very large."

Mr. Smillie—"It stands in an enclosure surrounded by a pretty high wall. Just outside the wall on the west side of the palace there are some of the most miserable homes in Great Britain?"

The Witness—"I cannot use comparative terms, but there are very indifferent houses hundreds of years old."

Mr. Smillie—"Are you aware that in the town of Hamilton the families of the men who are producing the coal from the Duke's mines are living four, five and six in a room; have you any reason to doubt that statement?"

The Witness—"I do not doubt it."

At last comes the crucial ethical problem. Note the implications of question and answer.

Question—"Supposing he owned the coal, do you think it would be unjust that he (the Duke) should live in Hamilton Place and attend the Riviera and the racecourse, drawing a shilling a ton for every ton produced by the miners, while the miners who are risking their lives get less than a shilling a ton for hewing the coal? Would that be manifestly unfair?"

Answer—"No."

I could give many illustrations from these questions to prove how drastic are the changes the miners demand. Nothing less than complete nationalization will be acceptable, and it is not absolutely certain that the miners desire even to grant

compensation. "Is it on the same plane," asks Mr. Smillie of Lord Tredegar, "to confiscate a cottage built with the life savings of a man and confiscate land no landlord ever did anything to create? . . . Surely you as a legislator would be the last to say that the State has not the right to do what the majority think they have the right to do. Are you aware that landlords in the House of Lords who do not represent the people, have confiscated by laws passed in that House millions of acres of land?"

Such questions reveal a revolutionary intent whether the titled mine-owners are to be reimbursed or not, for even if so compensated they cannot escape income tax and death duties. If the mines, railroads, ships and other great industrial properties are gradually taken over by the nation and are run by associations of workingmen there will inevitably arise a conflict of interest between the active groups controlling industry and the passive groups in possession of government bonds, paid to the former owners of these properties. The issue of such a conflict is patent. Year by year, the wages of the men in these industries will be slowly increased even if the enterprises must be subventioned by taxes, in other words, even if the higher wages must be paid out of the incomes of the present owners. This gradual encroachment is but a sign of one of those vast and subtle subversions in society, in which new values are created and old values destroyed, in which some groups become richer and some poorer, in which

the equilibrium or balance of society is altered, in which power passes, not suddenly or completely but gradually and partially, from one social class to another.

Transitions of this sort never occur without some friction and loss. When feudal society disappeared many men lost their hold on life, and the advent of machinery, upon which our entire industrial structure now rests, caused endless destitution and demoralization and the annihilation of millions of petty existences. To eliminate the profit-maker is to run the risk of a vast increase in bureaucracy and red-tape, to uneducate men trained in our present ideals and methods, and perhaps to evoke or intensify a corporate egoism of wage-earners, unenlightened and self-destructive. On the other hand such a transition, or revolution, for that is what it is, will effect a greater equalization of income and wealth; will divert to productive purposes or to useful consumption, vast quantities of goods now wasted in competitive luxury; may create a new freedom for millions now industrially subject; may evoke new productive energies, now dormant; may, finally, create and firmly establish new ideals, which will make the world saner and better. Honest and intelligent men will differ as to whether this revolution is to be welcomed or deplored, but there is no wisdom in merely closing our eyes. We should recognize the new currents upon which men's minds are borne. The first social virtue is prevision.

That the conflict will come, is, in fact, already upon us, seems obvious. It may be very peaceful, slow and dilatory conflict. It may give the dispossessed millionaires and their children and perhaps grandchildren ample time and means to find their useful place in the new order. Among the quiet revolutionists in England are men whose outlook upon the economic inequalities of today is like that of the more moderate abolitionists, who wished to end "the peculiar institution" only gradually and to recompense all slave-owners. Whether this transition in England is to be successful or for a time aborted, whether it is to be salutary or destructive depends upon the mutual attitude of these miners and Peers, and of the classes standing behind them. That, as I take it, is the chief lesson to be studied in the King's Robing Room.

What the miners think is easier to discern than what the Peers think. A class, comprising millions must think aloud; like Hamlet's players it "cannot keep counsel." How this class regards the Peers and their royalties, the possessing classes and their possessions, may be read in thousands of books and pamphlets issued by trade unionists, socialists and syndicalists. Their thought is of more than one strand and is not always easy to disentangle. At bottom, however, there is discontent with the distribution of national wealth and income, opposition to the industrial system which permits this distribution, eagerness to use political power for the destruc-

tion of capitalism, willingness if necessary to achieve this result by a general strike temporarily paralyzing society. But the intense feeling behind these convictions is more obscure and to predict what the miners will do one must know what their life has been, underground and above ground, during a century and what it is today. A few generations ago miners' children of seven and eight years were daily dragged to their work in the mines owned by the ancestors of the titled owners of today. Naked men and women, blackened with coal dust, worked underground in a hideous promiscuity. They died of pneumonia, tuberculosis and interesting occupational diseases like "blackspittle." Today conditions, though immensely improved, are still bad. In some districts five-ninths of all miners' houses contain only two rooms and one-ninth contain only *one* room. The men who have worked or fought to free the world still struggle for their own economic freedom, while a one-eyed Parliament grants tens of millions to the men who own the mines. These miners at their dangerous work and in their "very indifferent houses" are disillusioned and angry. Perhaps they are not quite just to the Peers; in conflict men are seldom just. Nor need we be surprised if the acrid hate evoked by the war is now turned inward so that social classes forget the amenities and are more than usually bitter and unjust towards one another.

What the Peers think it is harder to discover, for the Peers comprise men of diverse origins and

varying abilities, some of the ablest men in England and not a few mediocrities. They represent two principles, the principle of aristocracy and the principle of money. A titled millionaire is a millionaire and he considers his million as well as title. Being aristocrats, with the prestige and discipline of their caste behind them, these men stand up straight and take punishment smilingly. They speak out the truth and do not evade. The Duke of Northumberland is asked whether he was come before the Commission to defend his own interests and he promptly answers "Certainly." Perhaps this courage is in part due to an obdurate persuasion that the British aristocracy having survived so many attacks—partly by concessions—cannot now be destroyed. The British aristocracy is excellent at survival; it surrenders but it never dies.

Neither does it ever really learn. Some of its members understand England and the world excellently, but the class as a whole approaches each new crisis with no adequate conception of the trend of modern development and it survives, as Falstaff fought, "on instinct." If the miners do not understand the Peers, the Peers do not even try to understand the miners. They come to the Coal Commission with little comprehension of the motives and emotions of five million trade unionists. Their argument is largely legalistic, based on ten years' possession, on ancient titles, which were musty long before Cromwell and Elizabeth, on the legal assumption that centuries of effortless

profit-taking justify more centuries of effortless profit-taking. These Peers have read their *Morning Post* and therefore know that something is wrong, that the miners are thinking too much and working too little, that the hungry are becoming greedy and the poor, insatiable. But how can they understand *what* the grimy miners are thinking? Though they are far from unintelligent, their long-time security, their serene elevation above the sweaty struggle for life and their condescending marriage of convenience with the wealth of Great Britain have blunted certain faculties. Their diked minds are protected against the turbid streams of thought that course through the back streets of England. They are, without suspecting it, out of date. Some would like "to button their pockets and stand still"; others would prefer to make "reasonable concessions"; almost all would desire a general improvement in the physical conditions of the wage-earners if it did not mean too heavy an increase in the income tax. We are dealing here with good men, patriotic, honorable, decent, whose sins are sins of omission due to ignorance rather than greed and to tradition rather than invention. They have merely let things go.

Moreover their vision is as much distorted by what they know as by what they do not know. A little history is a dangerous thing and all hereditary classes know their history. They know what befell former agitators like Wat Tyler and his band of "shoeless ruffians"; the rebel Fitz Osbert, stripped naked and dragged at the tail of a horse

over the rough stones of London and dead before he reached Tyburn; the innumerable Jack Cades and Robert Kets, hanged in chains, drawn and quartered. What they do not so clearly perceive is that the relation of classes has changed, that the whole vast solid plane of industrial society is being slowly tilted, that some classes are being depressed and some elevated, and that behind these tiresomely statistical representatives of the miners is a compact strength and formidableness, a conscious will, like that which enabled their own ancestors centuries ago to extort these very mines in return for real and imaginary services and disservices to the King and Realm. The true successors of the acquisitive Peers of centuries ago are not their lineal descendants, who have become inert owners, but that active and indispensable social group which today has the like will to acquire and an infinitely deeper sense of moral justification in acquiring—the organized and self-organizing wage-earning class.

Nor do the Peers seem fully to realize the strength of the group opposed to them. That strength is only in part political; it is in still greater measure economic. It consists chiefly of the power to stop or limit work, the strike and the strike on the job. The strike, that crippling weapon of the wage-earners, having outgrown the single shop, has now outgrown the single industry and become the cessation of all essential work throughout the community. It is a wholesale passive resistance of a class, which despite many de-

feats, cannot ultimately be divided against itself, cannot be coerced, cannot be destroyed and cannot be dispensed with. The general strike, such as we have never yet seen it, is neither more nor less than an economic blockade of the whole nation. Back of this giant strike, moreover, lies an even more subtle, deadly and uncontrollable weapon—the refusal of men greatly to exert themselves. This growing reluctance of wage-earners to give more than they get is the Achilles-foot of our modern industrial system. It is a weapon which in the end injures those who use it as well as those against whom it is used, and it is the more dangerous because it destroys habits of industry and injures the morale which a century of capitalism has strengthened among workers. But how can you overcome the wage-earner's refusal to work hard and his acquired habit of taking things easy if he believes that the chief thing he is working for is the profit of mine-owners, already overrich? You can conscript labor if you care to take the risk, but you cannot conscript enthusiasm, and without enthusiasm labor today is a dead limb. The miners' leaders have predicted, and in a sense promised, that the men will work with all their might if the management is theirs and the profits are public profits, but not otherwise. It is of course a threat even more than a prophecy, for without enthusiastic labor private ownership of the mines will be unprofitable. It is compulsion. But the miners believe, rightly or wrongly, that they have never gained anything except by compulsion.

This compulsion, which lies in the nature of the situation rather than in the will of particular men, reveals the secret of the semi-decorous meetings between miners and Peers in the King's Robing Room. No sudden affection brought together these two groups but a mutual recognition of strength and opposition and the desire for a preliminary testing. Because compulsion lies so near the surface, the labor situation in England today, as it is revealed in the Coal Commission, in government offices and in the swarming, dirty alleys of industrial and mining cities is big with grave possibilities. Acerbity grows between miners and Lords as also between their adherents outside. Never before have the wage-earners been so conscious of strength. The Triple Alliance of miners, railroad men, and transport workers (fifteen hundred thousand solidly organized men) believe that they are able to stop the industry of the nation, to shut it up as one snaps a rat-trap. On the other hand the War Office is preparing to enlist soldiers as strike breakers, to turn the army against the strikers. There is danger that in this mood the struggle may be fought out on the lowest plane with bloodshed and starvation as the weapons.

Such is the drift of today, a movement steadily gaining impetus towards a catastrophic collision. Fortunately, however, we are dealing with England, a moderate, sensible, practical nation, a nation that sees more than it says, a nation with poise and with traditions of self-government and

fair play, a nation which respects individual liberty and protects it as we in America do not yet do. England has been faced before with dangers and has avoided them by her moderation. "It is too late for a peaceful solution," wrote Frederick Engels in 1845 of the England of his day. "The classes are divided more and more sharply, the spirit of resistance penetrates the workers, the bitterness intensifies, the guerrilla skirmishes become concentrated in more important battles, and soon a slight impulse will suffice to set the avalanche in motion. Then, indeed, will the war cry resound throughout the land: 'War to the palaces, peace to the cottages!'—but then it will be too late for the rich to beware."

That was seventy-four years ago, and England weathered the storm. She changed her policy, protected the workers, gave them better wages, shorter hours, more education and more political influence, and thus regained their allegiance. Today she is met by a revolt in some respects similar in quality but entirely different in magnitude from that which she faced three-quarters of a century ago. There are many favorable factors: her great wealth, which is a hostage to peace, the intelligence of her workers, the calmness of her leaders, her spirit of tolerance which is the greatest asset of all. Nowhere in the world have plans for the gradual admission of wage-earners to the actual control of industry been so carefully formulated as in England. But passions run high and in both camps are fiery-tempered extremists, who

hate all concessions and halting steps and prefer to an orderly, elderly progress a swifter even though it be a sanguinary solution. That is England's choice of alternatives and that, eventually, will be America's. Which shall it be?

THE CRUMBLING HOUSE OF LORDS

THE CRUMBLING HOUSE OF LORDS

Lloyd George—"A duke costs as much as a Dreadnought and is twice as dangerous."

I HAD come to England to witness the Revolution in 1911.

Like other Americans, I knew that the great English political parties had locked horns over the question of the House of Lords. I knew that the British Government, backed by a majority of the nation, desired a vast constitutional revolution, which would deprive the House of Lords of its present right finally to reject legislation. I knew that a bill to attain this end was being vigorously pushed through Parliament.

What I did not know—what, in fact, I had come to seek—was the true inwardness of this portentous impending change. What did it mean? What had come over the tradition-loving English people, who for eight hundred years had been reverently submissive to the House of Lords? What was the offending of these Lords of England?

I closed my paper-bound volume, "Peers versus People," as the little train, after its swift run from Southampton, carried me into the swarming London station. I avoided the skurrying porters who clamored for my baggage; evaded the importuni-

ties of station cabmen and taxi-drivers, and escaped into the street to call my own hansom. I was unconsciously irritated by this excess of service proffered by all these superfluous station people.

It was evening. The London mist engulfed the gay thronged streets. Myriads of pale lights twinkled over the square—lights from street lamps, from shop windows, from omnibuses, from thousands of cabs which darted here, there, everywhere, ready to pounce upon a prospective "fare."

As I started to call one of these cabs, suddenly there arose, out of the darkness, as though evoked by some Aladdin's lamp, four tattered, pale-faced men of the underworld. The four sprang forward to render me this slight service. One, quicker than his fellows, tore open the cab door, and received his penny. Then the men vanished, slinking into the gray mist.

"Whence come these men? What manner of city was this that wasted four able-bodied men on so paltry a task?"

Later that evening, when in the crossing currents of the streets, my cab came to a halt, I caught another fleeting glance at London misery. A naked, dirt-caked arm, thrust from a sleeveless coat, touched my shoulder; a haggard face peered into the cab window, and a voice harsh with anxiety asked, "Can I 'ave the luggage, sir?" As the cab wound through the mazes of the London traffic, I saw this tattered man doggedly running

behind us. Not once did he lose sight of the cab. At the hotel he was waiting, breathless.

"It's mine, sir," he panted. "You promised me the luggage, sir."

For the chance of earning a shilling at work which did not need him, this wretched man had followed me through tortuous miles of London streets. What a city it was!

I did not wish to see deeper into this abyss. I had not come to England to view bottomless misery. But what is everywhere, cannot be hid. On the following days I saw in street after street, workless, homeless miserables, men with broken shoes and dropping rags of clothes. I saw men who, for the pennies of the passers-by, perfunctorily swept crossings already clean. Other silent supplicants were seated on cold pavements, upon the flagstones of which they had crayoned rude sketches to attract a slender alms. I saw abject women, with trailing, bedraggled skirts, and with a flat, sterile vacancy of expression, more tragic than despair. There were drunken men, too, and sodden women, and files of men—or of what had once been men—waiting outside bakers' and butchers' shops for crusts and refuse. The halt, the blind, the unemployed, the shifty beggars, and the wretches too timid to beg, passed in an unending procession. Long before sunset the lines had formed for admission to the casual wards of the almshouses.

"It's deplorable," commented my English friend (he was a doctor with a fashionable prac-

tice and aristocratic prepossessions). "Still every country has its poverty. Even in the States—"

"Yes," I admitted. "It is not for us to throw stones."

Later, however, as on our silent homeward walk, I summed up all the dismal impressions of the day, I began to feel that after all there *was* a difference. American poverty was overwhelming, but it was not *everywhere,* and it was not so hopeless. Men *did* escape from American slums, and their children escaped.

But the English slum was a prison, in which the fallen man and his children and grandchildren rotted and rotted. There was a droop, a sagging, to these people; an inexpressible indifference to surroundings, an utter self-abandonment. You could seek out poverty anywhere, but in London it obtruded itself—stark, menacing, unescapable, like the naked, dirt-caked arm of the superfluous wretch who had followed my hansom.

"Doctor," I asked suddenly, "are you comfortable people not sometimes afraid?"

"Of those fellows? No," he replied, "they're used to being underdogs. They're too spiritless to revolt. A people crushed to earth," he laughed—somewhat unpleasantly—"is crushed to earth."

I did not laugh.

"What if they should?" I asked.

He did not answer—and after a while we talked of other things.

That question protruded itself again and again

like the persistent arm of a beggar. *"What if they should?"*

I did not like to think of it. I dared not imagine what might happen if in some day of national disaster, the gutters of London should empty themselves of their human refuse; if in some day of weakness this careless, garish civilization should be trampled under foot by its victims.

Later I learned that other men in England thought similar thoughts.

"What if they should?"

From the gallery of the House of Commons I listened to the debates on the Parliament (or Veto) bill. It was all beautifully simple. The measure provided that henceforth the House of Lords should have no jurisdiction over any money bill or any financial legislation whatsoever. It provided that all other bills which had passed the House of Commons in three successive sessions, should become law without the consent of the Lords, provided that two years had elapsed between original introduction and final passage. It provided that members of the House of Commons should be elected for five instead of for seven years.

The debates covered no new ground. The terse, lucid, convincing sentences of the prime minister, Mr. Asquith—sentences at once cold and luminous; the more vacillating, but graceful and subtle rejoinders of Mr. Balfour; the caustic, incisive interruptions of Lord Hugh Cecil; the stirring eloquence of the home secretary, Mr.

Churchill, formed but a repetition of what had already been thrashed out in a hundred constituencies. What was new and strange was not what was said but the manner and tone of this great controversy.

The Conservatives, who are the allies of the Lords, were fighting with their backs to the wall. Tenacious, obstinate, they seemed nevertheless to foresee inevitable defeat. They presented no united front, no clear-cut plan of campaign. It was as though they had come to bury the Lords, not to praise them.

Circled about the Conservatives sat the Liberal, Labor and Irish members, all opponents to the Lords. These men were elate with the hope of victory. I marveled at a new spirit which had stamped that inflexible expression upon these men's faces. Surely this conflict was more than a mere constitutional battle. It was a war of ideals; of New against Old; a resistless sweep of democratic waters against ancient, crumbling barriers. I wondered whence came this vast, new impetus.

The House rose, and I found myself again upon the street. There in the light of the pale street lamps, I saw an aging, workless man, dejectedly marching, marching through a sleepless night. Another appeared, more wretched than the first; then another, and another. For an hour I stood there, though the rain had begun to fall. Through all that hour the weary march of the dispirited, ghastly army never ceased. Out of mean streets came dragging, shuffling men into the open square,

and then, heeding nothing, casting not a glance at the majestic building in which Lords and Commons battle for supremacy, they disappeared again, losing themselves in other mean streets.

As I went about gleaning opinions, I was surprised to discover that personally most of the Lords were liked, even by men opposed to their rule. "The Peers are a good sort," a Liberal leader told me. "They give time and money to charity—more than their share—and they don't shirk. Naturally they have their Lord Fitznoodles, and some very old titles are held by some very young rakes. But there are able Lords, too, and the average Peer is no worse than the average Commoner."

"Then why—?" I began.

"For that matter, continued the Liberal leader, "your Virginian slaveholder was a gentleman, and I have always suspected that the old nobles who were guillotined during the French revolution were not much worse than the fellows who guillotined them. It's the Lords' political, not their personal character, that counts. Politically, they are Conservatives, and always have been and always will be Conservatives. When the Conservatives control the House of Commons, the Lords have nothing to do, and go quietly to sleep; when we Liberals control the Commons, the Lords wake up and reject or mutilate all our bills. If the Lords were heaven-born legislators—which they are not—we should still be against them, because we cannot have a real party system or any ap-

proach to a democracy so long as a permanent Conservative majority in the Lords can undo all legislation. Let the Lords keep their veto, and we will have government for the Conservatives by the Conservatives, for ever and ever."

"But why are they Conservatives?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "they own everything worth conserving."

As we parted, the Liberal discharged a final Parthian shot. "If you really have any romantic illusions about the noble House of Lords, look up its record."

I did look up its record. I studied the votes of the upper chamber from the year 1832, when the obstinate Lords passed the Reform bill only under threat of a violent insurrection, down to their last obstructions in the last days of 1910. During all these years the Lords seemed to wage one long Fabian warfare against progress.

Their record was the record of an unrepresentative, hereditary clique of a selfish caste, willing to sacrifice the masses of the people to augment their own monopoly—a monopoly of wealth, land, social prestige, and political power. When I had read the record of the Peers, I repeated approvingly the accusing question of Winston Churchill, "Has the House of Lords ever been right in any of the great controversies of the last one hundred years?"

Not every one whom I met was as tolerant of the Lords as was the Liberal statesman who had found the Peers "a good sort." I discovered that

the members of the Labor Party in Parliament were in favor of the outright extinguishment of the House of Lords; for its destruction, root and branch. Other men decried the upper house as a ridiculous and barbarous anachronism; as a sort of political vermiform appendix; as a stupid, self-satisfied, egoistic, plutocratic, reactionary and unimprovable oligarchy.

In Hyde Park, which is a grass-covered forum where any man may give expression to any views, I came across an impassioned and intolerant antagonist of the Lords. He was an old, tall, sallow, ascetic-looking orator, a man of one idea and one purpose. To a changing crowd of curious auditors, he inveighed—with a rude, ungrammatical eloquence—against the Lords collectively and individually. He went into the moldy records of the great titled families—the Russells, the Howards, the Digbys, the Seymours, the Cavendishes, the Villiers, the Wellesleys—waxing indignant over scandals half a millennium old. He was like a modern Cato proclaiming, "Carthage must be destroyed!"

In the eyes of this old man, the whole history of the Lords from the 15th century, when the turbulent Peers came to Parliament with enormous retinues armed to the teeth, down to the present humdrum day, was one long record of a betrayal of England. The Lords, he admitted, had gained some of the wisdom of the serpent, but had acquired none of the innocence of the dove. They had grown cautious as the people

had grown strong, but they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Obdurate though timorous, retreating yet resisting, they had set their faces against the light. They had often lacked the courage of their greed and pride, and had conceded much to fear but nothing to justice. They had always fought for *their* rights, *their* privileges, *their* aggressions. They had fought against free, untrammeled education. They had fought against religious liberty, against equal rights to Nonconformists, Catholics, Jews. They had sought to debar free churchmen from the universities. They had held down the brave Irish people, and had been as cruel to them as the famine. They had kept a heavy hand upon the agricultural laborer. They had confiscated the lands of England. They had turned farms into hunting preserves. They had girdled growing villages with hedges and walls. They had locked up the minds of the villagers. They had been everywhere the enemies of democratic progress and everywhere the friends of political reaction. They had held the lands of the city. They had debauched the population through an unholy alliance with the brewers; with the great, opulent, titled liquor-lords. England and Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the Empire; the land, the towns, the army, the navy, the church, the universities, had been one great hunting preserve, a place for younger sons, an appanage of wealthy Lords and their wealthy allies. They had remained wealthy by adopting men of wealth; by a coöption which enlisted the newly-

made millionaire on the side of the Tudor noble; by international marriage, which diverted American fortunes into an already huge reservoir of wealth. They had held all the keys to social recognition and had remained immured in their noble prejudices while, outside, the masses of the British people, laboring under this aristocratic incubus, fought rather stolidly for progress, education, recognition; and on the streets a swelling, disregarded army of unemployed and unemployables marched ceaselessly, sullenly, dejectedly under the dull street lamps.

One stinging phrase of the old Hyde Park orator—a phrase which I later learned was quoted from the Joseph Chamberlain of radical days—stuck in my mind. "The House of Lords," he had said, "is a club of Tory landlords."

That, as I was soon to discover, was the crux of the whole matter. The Lords are landlords.

The people of England are shut off from the land. The cities are congested, the towns are cramped, and the food of England comes from abroad, while the Lords of England "join house to house, lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

Five hundred and twenty-five Peers own one-fifth of the land of England.

England is a crowded country. There is only a fraction over one acre to each man, woman and child. But the Dukes average 142,564 acres each; the Marquesses average 47,500 acres; the

Earls, 30,217 acres; the Barons, 14,152 acres; while his Grace, the Duke of Sutherland, contents himself with 1,358,000 acres, the landed patrimony of a quarter of a million of England's families.

Nor is this all. The Lords are the centre of a still more extended landed oligarchy. There are seven million families in England. Of these *fewer than ten thousand own four-fifths of the land.*

The hereditary Lords of England have used their privileges as legislators to evade their duties as landlords. They have fostered the growth of a land monopoly. They have upheld the law of primogeniture (under which the eldest son becomes the sole heir), and they have fought every other proposal to bring equality and democracy into the country districts. The Lords of England, when not absentee landlords, are usually kindly in whatever personal relations they have with their farmers and laborers. But the laborers vote as the Lord votes, and men of independent judgment may not only lose their jobs but be evicted as well from my Lord's crowded cottages.

The *noblesse oblige* of the Lords has not had the effect of making the agricultural population either prosperous or contented. The wages of farm laborers (including the value of all allowances) amount in England to only four dollars and a half a week and to only two dollars and seventy-five cents a week in Ireland.

"The agricultural laborers as a class" (so I read in the report of the Royal Commission on Labor) "earn only a bare subsistence, and the great majority of them are in a chronic state of poverty and anxiety."

The wretchedness of the Peer-ridden country districts sends surplus hundreds of thousands of unemployed men to swell the wretchedness of the cities. Simultaneously the landlords—many of them great Peers—receive a rent on all this poverty of over two hundred millions of dollars annually. From their immense holdings of city lands, individual Lords receive other tens of millions annually.

It was through their tender solicitude for these huge rents that the Lords were brought to their present perilous pass. From 1906 to 1909, the Liberal majority carried reform after reform through the House of Commons—an Education bill, a Scottish Land bill, a Land Valuation bill, a Liquor Licensing bill, a bill against Plural Voting—only to have them defeated one after another by the House of Lords. Then in 1909 a Budget was introduced which the Lords believed to be inimical to them *as landlords;* in other words, in their private capacity. Whereupon the Peers, to the dismay of their best friends, rejected the Budget. In an attempt to evade taxation, the Lords imperiled the future of their House.

It is difficult for an American to understand offhand why this action of the Peers was so revo-

lutionary, for everyone acknowledges that the Lords had a perfect legal right to do what they did.

But in England an action may be legal and at the same time unconstitutional. Legally the King has the right to reject any bill. For over two hundred years, however, no King of England has vetoed any law, however repugnant, with the result that *constitutionally* the sovereign has ceased to have the power. The royal veto has oozed.

If to-day the King were to exercise this undoubted legal right, he might cease to be King to-morrow.

Similarly the Lords are considered to have lost any constitutional right which they may have ever possessed, to initiate, amend or reject financial bills. As long ago as 1671, the House of Commons asserted its exclusive jurisdiction over "all aids given to the King," and in 1678, to make its meaning clearer, the Commons added that "it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations, and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords."

In 1860, the House of Commons again asserted its exclusive right as to "the matter, manner, measure, and time." The King asks funds of the Commons, not of the Lords, and at the end of the session it is solely "the gentlemen of the House of Commons" to whom he says, "I have to thank you for the generous supply you have given me."

If the Lords possessed a veto over finance they could at will upset any government by the simple expedient of withholding supplies.

The wiser Peers, among them Lord Cromer, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord James of Hereford, solemnly warned the upper chamber against the "formidable risks which would be involved" in any rejection of the Budget.

"You should think once," warned Lord Rosebery, "you should think twice and thrice, before you give a vote which may involve such enormous constitutional consequences."

Unfortunately, there were present a good many "wild Lords" and "backwoodsmen" (Peers who ordinarily do not attend because they have neither the talents nor the inclination), and when the vote was taken on the fatal 30th of November, the Budget was overwhelmingly and contemptuously rejected.

The Lords, to protect their own estates, committed an arbitrary and unprecedented breach of the unwritten Constitution.

Whereupon the Ministry, which had now found its clearly-defined issue, quite logically resigned. New elections were ordered for January, 1910, and these resulted in a new victory for the Government. After reading the election returns, the Lords quickly and unostentatiously passed the objectionable Budget.

The Liberal Government, supported by the Labor and Irish members, now decided to end the obstruction of the Lords once for all, and

resolutions were carried through the Commons embodying the principles of the present Parliament bill. The Lords opposed these resolutions with counter-resolutions. They were willing, they claimed, to reform themselves. They were willing to limit the hereditary principle. They were willing to devise some plan of referendum. But they were not willing to limit their veto, nor so to change the Constitution of their House as to give the Liberals an even chance of supremacy.

The sudden death of King Edward mollified for a time all political antagonisms, and a conference of Lords and Commons, of Conservatives and Liberals, attempted to reach some compromise. The conference failed. The two parties were again in an *impasse*.

Again elections were ordered, and in December, 1910, for the third time, the Liberal, Labor and Irish majority was sustained. On February 6th, the Parliament bill was introduced into the Commons. It triumphantly passed its first and second readings, and it is expected that during this month the bill will pass its third reading with a majority of over one hundred. From the Commons the bill goes to the Lords to be accepted or rejected.

As the crisis draws nearer, men on both sides anxiously seek to gauge the eddies, currents and tides of public opinion. So far there seems to be no change. In the by-elections, honors have been equal. There is lethargy in some districts and loyalty to the Lords in others, but in the most

unexpected quarters one discovers an intense desire to fight the battle out *now,* even if it takes all summer, even if it spoils the Royal Coronation.

It seemed to me, as I talked the matter over with men of different minds, that this desire to effect a speedy change was shared by many besides members of Parliament. I found everywhere groups with reforms to urge, which waited upon the removal of the obstructionist Lords.

I found the Irish counting the days until the Veto bill would open the door to a near victory for Irish autonomy. The Welsh demand for church dis-establishment, the claims of workingmen for improved labor legislation, the desired abolition of plural voting (under which system one man may vote in all electoral districts in which he owns property)—all these, and other programmes, were in abeyance.

Vast projects of social reform were being carefully formulated. There were plans to insure the working population against sickness and unemployment; to reform the crudities and cruelties of the absurd poor law; to modernize the educational system; to loosen the hold of a great liquor monopoly; to improve the administration of city and county governments; to adjust the financial relations of national and local authorities. Against the obstruction of the House of Lords was arrayed a mass of progressive sentiment, pervasive and overwhelming.

The reconstruction of Great Britain and Ireland waited upon the abolition of the Lords' veto.

"It is high time," a Radical statesman told me. "Other nations are passing us. They have better education, better social legislation, and much better economic arrangements. We build Dreadnoughts and enroll a territorial army, but you can't make soldiers—or workmen either—out of starved children or the emaciated wretches you can see on any street. In pounds and shillings we are the richest country in Europe, but in national efficiency other countries are ahead—and will remain ahead until we get our other hand free. When we get our other hand free, we'll be a match for other nations."

He did not specify what nation he meant. He did not need to. England to-day is uneasy about Germany. She is disquieted by the thought of German soldiers, German sailors, German workmen, merchants, statesmen. England is looking to her defenses. She believes her navy to be as invincible as ever, and her people as loyal. But no longer is England so confident of the *morale* of her millions; of their intelligence, capacity, and staying power; of their ability to withstand the strain of a hundred years' industrial war. She is beginning to fear that to enter upon some future war, with millions upon the edge of destitution, is to court disaster; perhaps imperial disintegration; perhaps, even, national extinction. England, in her perilously exposed position, is afraid. And back of this dread lies another dread—the haunting, fugitive fear of the wretches of slum and gutter.

What if they should!

In a very real sense it is the Pauper who has toppled over the Peer. The naked, dirt-caked arm of the superfluous wretch is pointing the way that England must go, and that way leads straight over the House of Lords; over its vested interests, its prejudices, its ignorances, its tenacious obstructions. To the doors of the House of Lords comes a pitiable, motley army of half-educated, half-fed, obscurely miserable men and women, graduates of the farcical free schools of their day; children of child laborers, aspirants for the barbarous, tragically absurd workhouses. Strong men come crying for work, and the Lords have no answer. They are good enough men, kindly enough and sincere. But they are shut up in the narrow knowledge of their "order" and they can not see an England beyond the gates of their parks.

The Lords have no answer. Because they have no answer, the Lords must go.

Will they go? The bill to restrict their power can not become law until they themselves accept it. Will the Lords commit political *hari-kari?*

No one can tell. At the last moment there may be a proverbial slip 'twixt cup and lip; there may come a sudden veering of the wind of popular favor, a patched-up compromise on the basis of a self-reform of the Lords. For the last few weeks the Peers have been trying to agree upon a plan. They have sought to hang together to avoid hanging separately. They wish

now to reform themselves—that is, the minority does, and that by the simple expedient of unseating the majority. But the majority—it is whispered—seeks no self-immolation. The country Peers have thrice put aside the crown of martyrdom. The House of Lords, which demands the right to legislate for the people of the United Kingdom, is unable to agree upon its own reconstruction.

With the people back of them, the Commons can compel the Lords to accept the Veto bill. By one of those delightfully simple expedients, in which the English Constitution abounds, the House of Lords can be persuaded to commit suicide in self-defense.

The King has the right to create a Peer. The right to create a Peer involves the right to create a thousand Peers, successively or simultaneously. The King acts upon the advice of his prime minister, who expresses the will of the Commons. At the word of the prime minister, the King may create five hundred Peers, all of whom will come to the House of Lords, pledged to vote for the Parliament bill.

Suppose, however, the King refuses? It is his legal right. But to refuse is to throw the monarchy into the melting pot. The King of England is revered, *because he never refuses.*

Thus we approach the twilight of the Lords. If the Peers accept their new subordinate *rôle* as critics, and impartial advisers in legislation, they may come to attain a moral, and an indirect

political influence, if not greater, at least more beneficent than their present power of interested obstruction. If, however, the Lords protest, they will be upon the horns of the following dilemma:

Either they will reluctantly pass the Parliament bill, and, having given their assent, will be forever barred from claiming a restoration of their veto.

Or they will withhold their assent and have the bill passed over their heads by five hundred brand-new Lords, thus losing not only their "absolute veto" but also their present Conservative majority, as well as suffering "socially" through a dilution of their order. To delay the blow is to double its impact.

The people of Great Britain and Ireland, who have been cramped and confined by the century-long obstinacy of the Lords; the masses who have been shut off from the land and exploited in the cities; the poor; the unemployed; the disinherited, who are poor and unemployed and disinherited because a wealthy and noble class has monopolized England—all these may be indifferent as to the manner of the Lords' going, so that they go at once.

To the Lords, however, the choice, though between two evils, is between two unequal evils. Unless an unexpected reprieve arrives at the last hour, the old absolute veto of the House of Lords must either die by its own hand or be ignominiously hanged by the neck until it is dead.

What will the Lords do?

THE CONQUERING CHINESE

THE CONQUERING CHINESE

It was a Chinese official at Peking who first gave me the sense that China is unconquerable and conquering.

I had gone to this official to ask certain questions concerning political affairs. He had listened quietly and answered with seeming frankness. He had no illusions concerning the present situation. The Chinese Government was weak; its finance bad; there was no money for schools; no money for anything. Officials were corrupt, and repeated promises of reform were unfulfilled. The armies, under the leadership of semi-independent generals, could not be disbanded because they had not been paid; to disband them would convert the soldiers into brigands. The internal situation was serious.

The foreign situation was even worse. Upon a map the official showed me how Japan was encircling China. She held Korea and southern Manchuria and from Port Arthur and Tsing-tao menaced Peking. She had Formosa, claimed special rights in Fu-kien and would not surrender Shantung peninsula unless forced. Step by step she was gaining industrial and political influence throughout the republic. So long as the war lasted Japan would have a free hand; in case of an insurrection she could land troops, with the con-

sent of the Powers, and once her armies were in China it would be hard to dislodge them.

All this he told me without any display of agitation. His voice was almost uninflected and his speech gestureless. As he sat at his desk with his long, fine hands hidden in the sleeves of his black silk Chinese coat, he seemed the incarnation of passivity. It required a violent effort to realize that this immobile and imperturbable Chinese had spent four years in an American university, perhaps had rowed with the crew or played on the baseball team. The idea seemed incongruous. Despite his Western knowledge, his mind was tenaciously Chinese. He was detached, impersonal, with a patient, unhurried mental attitude, as though the noisy turmoil of centuries did not count in a nation's destiny.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he concluded, "we shall invite Japan to conquer us."

I stared. "Invite Japan? That would be the end of China."

He smiled indulgently. "You people of the West are so impatient, so—may I say?—immediate. You think in years instead of in centuries. There can be no end of China.

"What can the conqueror, as we call him, do? He can make money out of us and for us, and he can rule us—for a time; but he cannot absorb us and we can and will absorb him. I would give the Japanese just fifty years of control; then they would go the way of the Manchus."

He went into details. He portrayed a new

China growing up vigorously under its supposed Japanese masters. He assumed that under the foreign rule the Chinese would get railroads, telegraphs, factories, schools, and universities, and would become a wealthy and intelligent nation. Every effort of Japan to exploit China would aid China, and though the seat of empire might be at Tokio, the real administrators, the tens and hundreds of thousands of subordinate officials, would be Chinese. Officer the army with Japanese and it would still be a Chinese army. The real power would remain with the Chinese people. And in the end, in twenty, fifty, or at most a hundred or two hundred years, the people would exercise this power and the fragile Japanese domination would be shattered. The day of little nations, he intimated, is over; the great masses learn quickly and all the tricks of organization and discipline and science can no longer be monopolized by any one people. Perhaps the Chinese by themselves would throw off the yoke; perhaps they would wait until Japan was embroiled with another nation; perhaps they would wait even longer until the sated foreigners, by sheer pressure from the population around them, became Chinese, as the Normans became English. In the end it would be the same, the little island folk would succumb to the continental people. And the same if Europe were ever to divide China. Jealousies, boundary disputes, wars between these hasty nations—and in the quiet fullness of time China, educated and drilled, would come into her own

again. Either she would drive out the invaders or they would drive one another off, as Japan drove out Russia and Germany.

"No," he declared, "China may be overrun, but in the end will be triumphant. We are no doubt the weakest and most unpolitical of nations, but we are unconquerable."

As I left the office and found myself again upon the thronged Peking streets, it seemed as though these swarms of blue-clad Chinese had taken on a new significance. Everywhere were men in silk and cotton, with long skirts and ceremonial skull-cap, or dressed in tight-fitting cotton garments. The winter sunlight poured upon an endless stream of ragged 'rickshaw-men, panting hard as they ran at a dog-trot which they could maintain for hours. Coolies passed under their great loads; the carters were drawing stone upon the springless Peking carts. There followed men leading asses and camels, and then more coolies carrying on their shoulders the city's human refuse that, like all things in China, is sedulously hoarded. There were thousands and thousands of these common Chinese folk, and beyond, in the republic's eighteen provinces, hundreds of millions of them. The street was one vast hive of crowding men. It was an ugly, sordid, malodorous life that it revealed, but a life that endures.

These Chinese, I thought, have the viability of rats. Wretched, laughing, philosophical, they withstand heat and cold, dwell in the tropics or in the frigid zone, perform labor that no white

man would undertake, live on food upon which a white man would starve. A comfortless race, not despising comfort, but ignorant of what it is. Living on a bowl of rice and a morsel of fish, sleeping on a cold dirt floor or at best on a brick oven with a straw mattress for a bed and a wooden block for a pillow, living amid dirt and vermin and intolerable stenches, these people have reached the irreducible minimum of physical existence. Perfect machines, devised to give a maximum energy at a minimum cost.

Because its scale of living is low and because it is fruitful, the Chinese nation is indeed indestructible. You cannot remove this population or exterminate it or even lessen it. Scourge it with famines, pestilences, and wars, like that Taiping rebellion which destroyed ten to twenty millions, and in the end the population is greater than before. The procreative impulse rules China as the Manchus never ruled it. Three out of four babies die, but the fourth is more than enough. Kill a hundred million Chinese and in two generations there are more graves cluttering the earth, but as many living as ever. The principal product of China is cheap, rice-fed men, who work and starve, or perhaps freeze to death during the cold January nights, or die by the hundreds of thousands in periodical famines, or obstinately survive and raise more cheap, rice-fed men. There are hundreds of millions of them with vision bounded by a bowl of rice and the desire for male offspring. The race is like the

sea, inexhaustible, imperishable. It does not wither away at the breath of Western civilization. It does not disappear. It does not go under. It persists.

It is, moreover, an impermeable race; to attempt to interpenetrate it is as hopeless as to pour water into a jar filled with mercury. I thought of Macao. The Portuguese have been there for over three centuries and have contrived to make of it a beautiful city, living on opium, gambling, and other vices, like a pretty prostitute in pink ribbons. The picturesque streets have Portuguese names, but the city is irredeemably, unalterably Chinese. Look down from the green-clad hills upon the flat roofs, blue and green and red, of the clustered, wind-swept city, and you see the homes not of Portuguese, but of Orientals. Of a population of seventy-five thousand, only a scant two thousand claim a dubious Portuguese origin.

The same is true of Hongkong, with its British *bund* and its foreign banks and its few thousand white-faced men surrounded by swarming Chinese. In the Hongkong city of Victoria, which is a narrow strip between the granite hills and the bay, the wealthy white inhabitants are forced upward on to the terraced hillsides, where their charming semi-tropical gardens look out upon the blue water, while below, on the narrow plain, inundation after inundation of Chinese fills the city to the saturation point. There are districts in the city—Chinese districts, of course—where the pop-

ulation averages over 640,000 to the square mile, and the crowding tends to become worse. It is a Chinese city. So, too, Tientsin, Shanghai, Hankow, though they have their foreign concessions, small European islands in an Asiatic ocean, are in population unmistakably Chinese. The white man comes and goes; he lives on the surface of China as a flea might live upon the hide of a rhinoceros. The Chinese remain, breed, multiply.

Nor have the Japanese been much more successful in interpenetrating China. Japan lies near and she has swarming millions of hardy, industrious, intelligent men accustomed to poverty and almost forced to emigrate. Yet in the whole of China there is only a scant one hundred and twenty thousand Japanese of all sorts, or about one to every three thousand Chinese. The Japanese, following in the footsteps of the Russians, developed southern Manchuria, and opened it to immigration, but it was the Chinese, not the Japanese, who immigrated. By hundreds of thousands they poured from the northern provinces by land and sea into Manchuria, began to cultivate the profitable soya bean and to prosper under the new conditions brought about by Japan. The Japanese themselves strove to colonize this rich territory. They, too, have their population problem, their over-dense crowds. Their workmen and little shopkeepers went to Mukden. They worked hard; they scrimped. But year by year, although the Japanese immigration increased, Japanese were forced out because they could not

compete, and year by year the Chinese immigration swamped the country. The Japanese shopkeepers found it hard to do business, to make both ends meet; the Japanese wage-earners, except in the more skilled trades, found it difficult to get jobs. The water could not displace the mercury.

So China endures, indestructible, impermeable. Foreign adventurers come with blazon of trumpets, conquer, and are conquered. They, their armies and camp-followers, drop into the vast sea of the Chinese population and are submerged.

In the meanwhile China expands, steadily, continuously, overwhelmingly. It is no new phenomenon. From the beginning the Chinese have gradually spread over their present vast territory, including not only the eighteen provinces, in which is massed the immense majority of the population, but also over the great wastes of Mongolia, Manchuria, eastern Turkestan, and Tibet. The Manchurian immigration illustrates this process. For a long time the Manchus held their own and resisted all invasion. Within recent periods, however, the Chinese entered in vast numbers, until they formed the overwhelming majority of the population, and they largely absorbed the minority by intermarriage. The pure-blooded Manchus are becoming rare; the country, race, and civilization are Chinese. Here, as also in Formosa, and indeed everywhere, the Chinese have met with hopelessly inferior cultures, and they have steadily expanded and conquered.

This emigration never was, and is not to-day, a spontaneous, joyous movement. The Chinese, if one may generalize concerning so immense and diverse a people, is essentially a stay-at-home. He is not like the restless American pioneer who drove his Conestoga wagon over the Appalachians and sold his cleared land as soon as overtaken by neighbors. The Chinese coolie is attached to his home, his family, his birthplace. He loves his ugly walled town or his austere and filthy village, his broken-down, cheerless mud hut, with its smoke-blackened walls, its gaping window-holes, its mud floor upon which pigs and fowls and children forgather, its unsuspected absence of everything we consider essential—carpets, wall-paper, furniture, ornaments, books, pictures, games, flowers. His religion attaches him to the place where his ancestors died and where he wishes his children's children's children to be reared. Even the beggars, deformed, tattered, and starving, cling desperately and lovingly to their birthplace. The Chinese coolies, who are to-day being brought over by tens of thousands to till the lands of France and release French peasants for the trenches, have no real ambition to leave China. If they die en route or in France, so it is stipulated in their bond of service, their bodies are to be returned to their homes in China.

Nothing but a dead, insistent, omnipresent poverty could force the Chinese to emigrate. It is a poverty everywhere found in China, in the north

and south and east and west, in the mud villages on the plains, in the farming districts in the mountains, where generations of laborers have hewn petty farms out of the steeply sloping hills and in congested, one-storied cities like Canton, where the house walls almost meet over the narrow, sweaty streets, and hundreds of thousands are pushed off the land to live in river junks. It is a poverty caused by a low stage of industrial development and by an over-high birth-rate, a poverty which creates superfluous men, who toil at carrying water, at pulling loads, at lifting weights, at all forms of semi-useless labor for a wage which barely buys millet or rice. It is a poverty which keeps millions semi-employed and millions unemployed.

Not all these superfluous Chinese emigrate; only the smallest fraction of them have as yet gone through that door. Chinese emigration, except into Manchuria and Asiatic Russia, still comes overwhelmingly from a few southern maritime provinces. It is the mobile, alert Cantonese whom we find in San Francisco or New York; the coolies of the north, the west and the middle provinces are rarely met overseas. Yet China has sent some eight to ten million sons to foreign lands.

In the United States there are still almost a hundred thousand Chinese, and but for the fact that their coming was prohibited there would be to-day millions of them. All along the east Pacific, in Alaska, British Columbia, Mexico, Ecua-

dor, Peru, and Chile, there are colonies of Chinese. They are also found on the other side of the American continent, in British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Cuba, Porto Rico. Of the Hawaiian population they formed in the year 1896 one-fifth; but, as in the Philippines, their numbers have been relatively reduced by the Chinese Exclusion Act. A similar obstacle meets them in Australia and British South Africa. Still, in both these regions they have secured a slender foothold.

It is in the countries surrounding China, however, especially in the fertile lands to the south, that the Chinese carries himself, and in the end his language and civilization. In Burma, Annam, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, in Java and other Malaysian islands, he comes and conquers. Over the indolent Cambodian, the apathetic Burmese, the easy-going, pleasure-loving Malays of all sorts, he gains a victory. He is an excellent farmer, mechanic, sailor, miner, laborer; he is sober, thrifty, docile, immensely enduring, and an unloyal observer of the peace. The Chinese immigrant, schooled to an abject poverty, arrives in these fertile lands empty-handed, ragged, without any captial except his willingness to work. He comes without the encumbrance of wife or children, who in any case belong to the ancestral home, to which he himself hopes eventually to return. Having nothing, the emigrant binds himself by a harsh contract to work for a wealthier fellow-countryman in the new land. He saves

something above the cost of his daily rice; he does not lose the whole of his belongings at the gambling table. Gradually he becomes a small capitalist. He buys land and raises gambier and pepper. Or he becomes a miner, or a shopkeeper and usurer, holding the native population under his sway. Year by year his numbers increase, his control grows. He thrives upon law and order, whether it be British, Japanese, or Siamese. He gains his foothold. He opens the door to his countrymen at home.

One cannot gauge this vast expansion without the use of statistics, and for the most part the statistics at our disposal are vague and conflicting. Orientals abhor exact figures far more than nature ever abhorred a vacuum. Some estimates place the number of Chinese in Siam at 400,000; others at 1,500,000; between these extremes one has a wide liberty of choice. In Burma there are supposed to be 40,000, many of whom have taken Burmese wives, without even consulting their wives at home. In Cochin-China there are some 60,000 of these immigrants, and of the city of Saigon almost one-third is Chinese. In Siam, as elsewhere, the Chinese, although scattered throughout the country, tend to concentrate chiefly in the cities. Bangkok is in very large part inhabited by Chinese, who, as elsewhere in the East, almost monopolize the local business.

It is a far distance from Peking or even from Canton to Singapore, yet in that city, though ruled by the British and in the Malay orbit, seven

out of ten inhabitants are Chinese, who outnumber the Europeans and Eurasians twenty to one and the Malays more than four to one. In the Straits Settlements as a whole the Chinese population is 400,000 as compared with a Malay population of only 250,000. In the year 1915 a round 100,000 immigrants came from China to Singapore.

Every year there arrive at Singapore these hundred thousand hardy Chinese, and many find their way into Johore, where there are already 63,000 of their countrymen, or into Kedah or into Java or into Borneo. Steadily their numbers increase as they make their way in the Malaysian world.

This movement into Malaysia is only in its beginnings. In these fertile islands there seems to lie the second home of the Chinese. Here they are to conquer a vast new territory.

They will not conquer it by force of arms. There is little danger—perhaps no danger at all—that within the present century China will become an aggressive nation, building fleets and raising armies to overcome this district and wrest it from its Dutch, French, German, British, and American rulers. It will be a peaceful conquest, a gentle, unresisted economic invasion. The Chinese conqueror will be an unimaginative laborer without a cent in his pocket or a stone in his hand. He will come solely for a job. But year by year he will come in greater numbers. His will be an economic warfare, a competition for lands,

mines, trade, investment. He will be competing with men who do not much want these things, who take life easily as it comes, who are content to live and die as their forefathers did, without fussiness or effort. Back of the Chinese emigrant, pushing him out and forward, will be the three hundred, or, as it may come to be, the five or eight hundred, millions of Chinese at home. It will be a competition between gentle, lazy, instinctive Malays and a very hardy population schooled to misery and effort. A non-expansive race will be pitted against a race which, though peaceful, has always conquered, and which, though far from missionary, has always imposed its civilization.

The land over which and in which this contest will be fought is one of the future paradises of the world. There are a million square miles of territory in the Malay Archipelago, and some fifty million people. There is plenty of fertile land here. Three of its islands are greater than Great Britain, "and in one of them," says Russel Wallace, "the whole of the British Isles might be set down and they would be surrounded by a sea of forests." The soil is immensely fertile, the temperature high, the rainfall plenteous, so that the rank vegetation and the rapidly growing forests overcome the feeble efforts of the sparse populations, unable to uproot the trees and keep them uprooted. To conquer these lands many millions of industrious workers are necessary.

In only one of these islands has this conquest

been made—in Java. This island came early under Dutch rule, and as a result of its excellent administration the population rapidly increased in two centuries from 2,000,000 to over 30,000,000. It is still increasing. To-day Java, though comprising less than seven per cent. of the area of the Dutch East Indies, includes over two-thirds of its population. It has 720 people to the square mile, or more than any country in Europe.

It is in the other Malaysian islands, in those still unpopulated, that a field for Chinese immigration lies wide open. If these islands ultimately attain a density of population as great as that of Java they will hold 720,000,000 souls instead of 50,000,000. These islands are yearly becoming more habitable. Under the rule of European and American governments the best methods of colonial administration will be applied, as well as those new systems of combating tropical diseases which have proved so successful in Panama. They lie close to the southern provinces of China, so close that a few dollars will carry a steerage passenger bringing with him his own rice. The Chinese thrives under good government; he spreads as a result of European imperialism, just as in Africa Mohammedanism spreads under the political expansion of the Christian Powers. In the Dutch East Indies, we are told, there are already "1,500,000 Chinese and 300,000 Arabs," and "these are the over-lords of the land; and the Chinese are superior to the

Arab traders." "Throughout the length and breadth of Malaysia," writes Dr. Francis Guillemard, "the Chinese has made his way."

Thus the meek inherit the earth, and the non-resisting, unarmed Chinese conquers. How rapid that conquest may be within the present century it would be idle to speculate. But when we remember that before the war over a million Europeans annually came to the United States, to say nothing of Argentine and Brazil, we may gather some idea of the limitless possibilities of emigration from one of the greatest of human reservoirs. It is not impossible or even improbable that another century will find 100,000,000 or even 200,000,000 Chinese in this almost unoccupied territory. As the temperate regions of the world become more and more dependent upon the product of these tropical regions, the field for Chinese immigration, unless it be artificially checked, will grow astoundingly.

At home, too, China seems about to expand. We are constantly speaking of China as an impossibly overcrowded country, and on the basis of her present industrial development she is intolerably overcrowded. In proportion to area and to her still undeveloped natural resources, however, China is far from the limits of possible growth. The eighteen provinces have an estimated population of less than 250 per square mile (perhaps even less than 200), which is far lower than that of Japan, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Massachusetts, or New Jersey.

China's vast mineral resources are almost untouched, her railroads and roads are unbuilt, her new industrial system is not yet even sketched. She is on the eve of a stupendous industrial revolution, which will vastly increase her wealth and, probably, her population; will create a middle class, educated according to Western ideals; will bring the north and south into far closer intellectual relations than ever before, and which cannot possibly proceed far without creating a national feeling.

A century hence China at home and China beyond the sea may not improbably consist of a capable, energetic, intelligent, and highly trained population of five or eight or even ten hundreds of millions. With wealth, internal cohesion, and a grip on modern economic and political methods, how can such a nation remain in permanent subjection? What can happen to its conquerors, if conquerors there be, other than to be quietly swallowed up in this measureless yellow sea?

China is enduring, permanent, unconquerable, conquering. As one views the nation one thinks of the words that Montaigne applied to a civil polity, but which can be applied with even greater force to a living nation. It is, he says, "a mighty and puissant matter, and of very hard and difficult dissolution; it often endureth against mortal and intestine diseases—yea, against the injury of unjust laws, against tyranny, against the ignorance and *débordement* of magistrates, and against the licentiousness and sedition of the people." The

thing which unites a people, which holds it together under oppression and even under prosperity, is tenacious and lasting. And of all things, that which a virile race finds easiest to resist is foreign domination.

Finally, the Chinese have the qualities which make for national perpetuation. They are not a weak people, not a loose-fibered people, not an imitative and pliable people, but strong, stubborn, ultra-conservative, excessively self-centred. They are more unimpressionable than the English, more stiff-necked, more immovable. Upon Europeans who live among them they exert an overpowering cultural pressure. They do not yield, but force others to yield. Nor are they a mere congeries of diverse peoples, like the East-Indians, but one people, divided by its spoken tongues, yet united by its written language; divided by its past economic history, yet bound to be united by its present economic development; a nation sufficiently homogeneous racially, sufficiently joined by a powerful and ancient tradition; a people long-viewed, patient, non-resistant in the ordinary sense, but more tenaciously resisting in a true sense than perhaps any people in the world. The Chinese official was right—there can be no end to China.

As I proceeded on my way through the darkening streets, through the throngs and throngs of rapidly moving 'rickshaws, there sounded the loud horn of a motor-car in which two Americans were being driven by a clever Chinese chauffeur.

The 'rickshaw men made way for the rapidly moving car. They lazily glanced at it and smiled as it passed; then each man looked at the man straight ahead, put down his shoulders, and pulled hard again at his 'rickshaw. The endless procession moved on; the dust-cloud raised by the automobile had disappeared.

JAPAN'S THWARTED EMIGRATION

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THE Japanese emigrant is permitted to go wherever he cannot thrive. He is not permitted to go where he can thrive. This is the crux of the whole Japanese emigration question.

It is an ironic choice that is presented to the emigrant from Japan. The relatively empty lands where pioneers might build up a new civilization are locked and barred and double-barred. They are locked to the Japanese and opened to the white man. On the other hand, Japan may people Korea or Formosa if she can. Only she cannot. Or she may enter China and displace the Chinese. The privilege is as valuable as the right to emigrate to Mars.

There was a time when the Japanese had no wish to emigrate. During the seventeenth century Japan adopted a policy of complete isolation. All foreigners were forbidden to enter, with the exception of a few Dutch traders, tolerated in the little island of Deshima. "So long as the sun warms the earth," declared the Japanese in 1640, "any Christian bold enough to come to Japan, even if he be King Philip himself or the God of the Christians, shall pay for it with his head." Simultaneously the Nipponese were forbidden to leave the country, and no vessels might

be built except for the coastwise trade. Japan was willing to live unto herself.

Nor was emigration essential to Japan at this time. So long as the population remained stationary, and was willing to live as its ancestors had lived, room could be found at home in the crowded little islands. Since the Restoration, however, the population of Japan Proper has increased to fifty-six millions, and the birth-rate, unlike that of European and American countries, is steadily rising. Emigration is always from poor to rich countries, from lands of small to lands of great industrial opportunity. Japan is an ideal land from which to emigrate. It is small, poor and crowded. Its people are hard-working, economical and reasonably ambitious. They need to get out. It is difficult for them to get out.

Of course there is some emigration, as there has been during each of the last thirty years. On June 30, 1914, official statistics revealed some three hundred and sixty thousand Japanese living abroad. Of these almost one-half (48 per cent.) lived in the United States (including the Hawaiian Islands); about a third (34 per cent.) in China, and the remainder chiefly in other Asiatic countries and in South America. Essentially emigration has been to the Pacific islands and littoral.

In absolute numbers this total emigration seems reasonably large; obviously there are many more Japanese in foreign lands than there are Americans abroad. Yet as an outlet for the ever-in-

creasing Japanese population, emigration has not counted at all. After immense effort, both individual and collective, during several decades to find outlets for surplus population, the entire number of Japanese abroad is far less than is the *net increase* in the population every six months. In the coming decade Japan's population will probably increase by from seven to eight millions. To find homes abroad for even half this increment would require an increase of over 1,000 per cent. in the number of Japanese living abroad.

The relative insignificance of the emigration from Japan may be seen by comparing the total number of Japanese living in foreign countries with the number of Poles, Greeks, Norwegians, Danes, Hungarians, Slovaks or Italians in foreign lands. Out of every thousand Nipponese in the world only seven are to be found in foreign countries; out of every thousand Italians no less than one hundred and seventy live under alien flags, and of these the majority are emigrants or children of emigrants. It is true that past and present social habits make it more difficult for the Nipponese than for the Italian to acquire the habit of emigration—and emigration is a habit—but the chief obstacle lies abroad. Japanese immigration is opposed, frustrated. The Japanese laborer in the United States and in several other countries meets with distrust and ostracism. He finds it difficult to learn the language, not only because he is a poor linguist (as compared with

the Korean or the Chinese), but because the new language is structurally so difficult. He encounters social opprobrium and economic discrimination. He cannot conceal the color of his skin and would not if he could. Uncomfortable and even unsafe alone, he comes in groups, works in groups, lives in groups, and because of this group life he fails to be easily assimilated to the larger life of the community to which he goes. The external barrier creates an internal barrier; emigration is stifled by the opposition of the white races which hold the large and relatively empty lands, and this opposition produces in turn a reluctance to emigrate and a clannishness among those who have already emigrated.

Into the question of Japanese immigration into the United States, into the rights and morality of this intricate problem, I do not propose here to enter. I am considering merely how the American refusal to open the door wide to Japanese immigrants reacts upon conditions in Japan. That America will continue to erect barriers against a free Nipponese immigration is highly probable. The reason is that at bottom we discover here the possibility of a critical racial conflict, in which the economic advantages are all on one side. Were the Japanese to be admitted to the Pacific Coast with absolute freedom and allowed to compete on fair terms with Americans, there can be little doubt that within two or three generations the country west of the Rocky Mountains would be Japanese, and not American, as the Hawaiian

Islands are Japanese. The impetus of an unrestricted Japanese immigration would be overwhelming. Wages in Japan are about one-fifth of American wages and the expansive force of these low wages would rapidly people the western coast. That the wages of the Japanese actually in the United States are now high is not a decisive fact, for these wages are high only because immigration is impeded. They are monopoly wages. If, however, Japanese were allowed to enter by the hundreds of thousands, wages would fall, native workmen would be displaced, and step by step the race with the lower economic standard would drive out the race with the higher standard, as, for example, the colored people of Jamaica are gradually driving out the whites. For the world at large it might be better or worse to have California and other Western States thus Orientalized, but no race and no nation thinks in terms of ultimate world good. The question is not only an economic but a race question, involving the disputed half empty lands separating the dense white populations from the yellow races. It is a question involving hatreds, prejudices and obscure and primitive instincts. Whatever its ultimate issue, we may rest assured that for the time being the emigration of Japanese to the United States will be limited.

The forces at work in California, Washington and Oregon operate equally in British Columbia and Australia. Everywhere there is an instinctive Exclusion Policy, an attempt on the part of the

white races to monopolize five continents and to leave to the yellow men, "beloved of the sun," only a portion of one continent. Whether or not certain of the South American countries will ultimately join in this restriction policy cannot yet be determined. Nor is it yet a crucial question for them. For the time being, the emigration of Japanese to Latin American countries is difficult, costly, and small; the conditions of immigration are not entirely inviting. The entire Japanese population of the American mainland (including Latin America) represents only about two months' increase in the population of Japan, and all the Japanese in Europe combined are equal only to the excess of births over deaths in a single day. The door to the Western world is shut.

There remains Asia—China, Manchuria, Siberia, the Malay Islands.

China presents no legal obstacle to Japanese immigration; Japan may export a million men annually to the neighboring Republic without evoking protests from the Chinese Foreign Office. But there is a real obstacle far more insurmountable than any legal prohibition. In going to China Japan strikes against the Chinese Wall. It is not a wall of brick and mortar and granite blocks like that which defended the Chinese from the Northern nomads. It is a human wall, the immense resistance of a dense population of ill-paid, hard-working, abstemious and capable men. Into China the Japanese emigrant cannot force his way, just as we Americans could

not, if we wished, force our way into Japan. After decades and even centuries, no non-Chinese race has ever succeeded in displacing the Chinese; on the contrary, each race ends in being displaced by them. After three centuries of Portuguese rule, Macao is more Chinese than ever; after decades of British rule, Hongkong is a thoroughly Chinese city. Japan governs Formosa at will, but she cannot people Formosa, for the Chinese are already there—to stay.

The same obstacle meets the emigrant to Manchuria. Japan, following in Russia's footsteps, has given law and order to that distracted country and has opened it to immigration. But Chinese come as well as Japanese, and in greater numbers; they underbid and under-live the Japanese. You can hire Chinese laborers for a little over half of what you must pay Japanese workmen. As a consequence the Chinese get the jobs, and they live in Manchuria and breed there and their children will breed there. Undoubtedly there is room in all parts of China for the trained Japanese, for the skilful artisan, the business man, the professional worker. But there is no room for the only class that counts—for the great bulky mass of unskilled and undifferentiated workmen and peasants.

Neither in China, nor in those Malay States where Chinese immigration is permitted, nor in Formosa, nor in the United States, Canada, Australia or Europe is there at once a free economic and a free legal right to emigrate in sufficient

numbers to relieve the pressure of the ever-increasing Japanese population. The birth-rate of Japan rises; the farm-land is taken up; emigration is thwarted, either by the exclusion policy of the whites or by superior Chinese economic tenacity. The Japanese population is thrown back upon itself.

JAPAN'S MENACING BIRTH-RATE

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Of all Japanese problems that of population is the least discussed, the least understood and the most important. It is much more than important. It is vital.

Everything in Japan turns on this question; every phase of policy, every hope, ambition, effort, frustration is unconsciously affected. Japanese emigration, Japanese expansion, Japanese domestic and foreign relations, Japanese groping towards industrialism—all find their agent and cause in great part in this blind outpouring of infants. The flood of babies, upbuilding or devastating according to how we view it, is the most significant fact in modern Japan.

Overpopulation is no new problem. It is the oldest in the world, older even than humanity. With eyes open or shut, almost every tribe, clan or nation at some time faces this pressure of newborn babes, pushing out into life and grasping at the limited supplies of food that are to maintain the whole group. Like other nations Japan has had to face this problem. Her population grew steadily. In the sixth century there were about five million Japanese; by the eighth century, eight and a half millions; by the sixteenth century, the population seems to have been fifteen or twenty

millions, or three to four times that of England in the same period.

Somewhere about the year 1700 the Japanese population reached the point where under the economic conditions then existing it was unable to advance. Thereafter, for one hundred and fifty years, it fluctuated between twenty-four and twenty-seven millions, these totals, however, not including the *samurai* or noble class, or the pariahs and beggars. The country was full up; there was standing room only. There was no more rice or millet or fish to feed new babies, although the land was cultivated to the last acre and the seas were scoured. Babies were born but they died. Population was held down by disease, pestilence and starvation. Small-pox, measles, dysentery and typhus ravaged the land, and in little over a century sixteen great famines swept the Islands. The work of decimation was also aided by the harsh criminal law, with its short shrift for offenders, by decapitation and crucifixion. Gradually, moreover, the people learned ways to lessen births. Among the *samurai* and afterwards among well-to-do merchants, late marriages came into vogue, and in the large cities skilled physicians practised birth prevention. Among the common people abortion was quite usual. Thus by one means or another, by famine, disease, pestilence, birth prevention and infanticide, the population was held in check. By the middle of the nineteenth century an equilibrium had long since been established between birth-rate and death-rate. The birth-rate

was probably lower than in any country in Europe.

Then came Perry, the breaking-down of Japanese isolation, the Restoration, the new factories, the growing world power of Japan. Speaking figuratively it was Perry who called forth the new millions of Japanese babies. The unconcealed guns of the Commodore created commerce and an industrial system, and out of these arose astonishing cities of factory workers, like Tokyo and Osaka. Japan drifted into the full tide of a giddy industrialism, which meant wealth for the few, a strenuous poverty for the many, congestion, speed and babies. As the factories grew and as the new cities overflowed into adjacent rice paddies, babies —the future factory workers and docile clerks— poured forth unceasingly from the farms. As in other countries, new to industrialism, the birth-rate outstripped custom and expectation.

In Japan the birth-rate was stimulated by patriotic and religious motives, which heavily emphasized the duty of parenthood. But the chief incentive to an increased birth-rate was the low cost of living. The civilizaion of Japan was, as it still is, an inexpensive civilization. The Japanese were a rice, fish and millet eating people, and all these articles were obtained at small cost. For centuries the population had lived in poverty, under conditions in which those survived who could live on the least food rather than those who could do more work on more food. As in other Asiatic lands this non-exigent type of worker had won the right to live and procreate.

Moreover the whole political and social philosophy of Japan favored this abstemious, and therefore fecund, type. "When I was a child," a Japanese statesman recently remarked, "I was taught by my parents that I should not trouble myself about taste in what I ate, because it was unworthy of a man to complain in any way about what he ate. More than this, we have been practising for many years another mistaken Bushido teaching, that a *samurai* or manly person should never complain of hunger, even when he is really hungry." Japan's philosophy thus ignored those material needs and desires which have held the population of the Western World in check. Life was cheap; children cost little and since they could early be employed, seemed to pay for themselves. Even today, when industrialism has taken a firmer root, one cannot look about at the frail little houses, the cheap cotton clothes and wooden clogs, and the inexpensive food and furnishings with which the Japanese workers seem content, without realizing how weak are here the instincts which in our Western countries tend to set a limit to the population.

Once the lid was off, the new industrial system demanded millions of cheap workers, men and women. The millions were born. Since 1870 the growth of the population has been portentous. In 1874 there were less than 34,000,000 people in Japan Proper; today (November, 1917) there are no less than 56,000,000. This is a fairly high rate of increase, though by no means unexampled.

What is most significant, however, is that the rate of increase is itself increasing. In 1886, 1,108,967 babies were born; in 1911 no less than 1,747,803 (still births excluded). In the former year there were 28.8 births per thousand of the population; in the latter year 33.7 per thousand. The death-rate remains stationary; the birth-rate steadily grows. It is a phenomenon quite contrary to that which is observed in Europe and America, where both death-rate and birth-rate steadily fall. Because of this growing birth-rate the already crowded population of Japan Proper is increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million a year. Where is room to be found for these new millions?

In agriculture, where the average farm today is already less than three acres? It is to the fields that man looks instinctively for his support. Like his forefathers for generations untold, he aspires to the daily hard toil of ploughing, manuring, sowing, weeding and reaping. It is so in Japan as elsewhere. In the old days when the credulous Nipponese still believed that the Food God had sowed the first rice plant (which sprang from his own body) in a wet field, and the seeds of millet, panicum, wheat and beans in a dry field, the instinctive recourse of millions of youths was to this ancient and honorable occupation. It is the same today when the Japanese farmer is perhaps the graduate of an agricultural high school or even possibly, of the Agricultural College of the Tokyo Imperial University.

Unfortunately there is a rigid and harsh law in agriculture, a law of Nature and not of man. It is the law of decreasing returns. This law decrees that beyond a certain point every added laborer employed on a farm and every added dollar invested bring in a smaller return than the former laborers employed or the former dollars invested. Ten men will raise more on a given farm than will five, but not twice as much. If you improve your methods you may profitably employ a few more men and a little more capital, but at last there comes a time when each new laborer is employed at a disadvantage. The fields are then full; agriculture has reached a point at which it does not pay a nation to place more men in this industry, a point at which agricultural wages begin to fall and men instinctively move to other occupations.

The law may be illustrated in the case of England. That country could possibly employ her entire population in agriculture, but only at such a great disadvantage as to reduce the nation to penury. Belgium would actually starve if all her people were placed on the farms. As a consequence, during the last century while the population of England has rapidly increased, her farming population has actually decreased. She finds other occupations for her yearly crop of new workers.

The visual impression one gets of the Japanese countryside, even without leaving the railway compartment, is that the fields are already over-

crowded. As you travel through the beautiful island of Hondo, encircling with a wide sweep the majestic Fuji mountain, you are never out of sight of the bare-legged Japanese farmer, up to his knees in the flooded paddies or working with spade or ladle on the land, with a courage born of centuries of hard wrestling with Nature. The country seems one long, straggling, inchoate village; everywhere are men and nowhere—or seemingly nowhere—horses, cattle, sheep and swine. The clustering men, the ubiquitous women and children, seem to have crowded the domestic animals from off the land. And in many parts of the country this is literally true. A horse or a cow takes up too much room for its support. It is hard for men to perform the labor of horses, but where farms are very small and very dear, and fodder is expensive, there is no other way. It is for this reason that the tiny farms in the more densely populated parts of Japan swarm with men and are bare of domestic animals.

When we grasp the smallness of Japan and the size of its population, we readily understand why the land is so crowded. Japan Proper is a narrow and diminutive country. Its area of roughly 150,000 square miles is somewhat smaller than that of California, while its population is twenty times as great. Moreover, like Italy, Japan is chiefly a country of mountains and its arable land under cultivation amounts to only some 25,000 square miles, a farm area less than half that of the single state of Iowa. It follows that Japan is the classic land of intensive agriculture. Its dwarf farms are

not really farms at all in our sense of the word, but gardens. There are no pastures, no barnyards, but merely little squares of land, now covered with water, now filled with mud drying in the sun, and now vividly green with the beautiful rice plants. These little patches of terraced and irrigated land have nothing in common with our one hundred and sixty acre farms. In Japan the average agricultural family (and there are five and a half millions of them) occupies only two and three-quarters acres each. Only one family in ten has as much as five acres (two *cho*) and over one-third of all rural families have farms of less than one and one-quarter acres. It is *morcellement* carried to a tragic absurdity.

The living to be made out of these petty farms by the overflowing, fecund Japanese is of the meagrest. His is the most meticulous farming in the world. Every inch of ground is carefully cultivated, every possible saving seduously made. Human waste is collected with faithful care and is piously returned to the land. Nothing could be more painstaking than this strenuous, small-scale agriculture. A solicitous government aids these farmers by means of experiment stations which give advice and instruction, and above all the farmers help themselves. By dint of hard labor and hard scrimping, they manage to secure some sort of a living from their three acres.

In judging the lot of these Japanese farmers we must not be misled by the large crops which they secure from a single acre. The yield in the paddy fields, where most of the rice is grown, is

high and in a large part of the area there are two crops a year. Science, moreover, has steadily increased the average crop, which today is almost exactly one-third larger than twenty years ago. But while the yield per acre is great, the yield per farm or per family is pitiably small. Judged by our standards, or by those of West Europe, the lot of the Japanese farmer on his three acre farm is extremely bad.

In a majority of cases this petty farmer does not even own his whole farm. Of the five and one-half million farming families in Japan Proper, only one-third own all the lands they cultivate, less than a third are tenants, and over a third combine tenantry with ownership. Naturally the lot of the tenant is even worse than that of the small proprietor. For his rent the tenant pays on an average half the total yield, while the landlord meets the onerous and ever-mounting land taxes. For the tenant there is very little surplus and next to no opportunity to acquire property of his own. Land values are high. Good paddy lands, in November, 1915, sold at an average at about $800 (1600 yen) per acre, ordinary paddy lands at about $600 and poor paddy lands at about $350; the price of the upland farms was about half as much. The pressure of population upon the small farm area raises land values to a point where it is extraordinarily difficult for a tenant to become an independent proprietor.

But for the rural trades, and especially the silk industry, many of these little farmers and tenants could not live at all. It is the American demand

for raw silk that saves the smaller Japanese farmers from being crushed. About three-fifths of all the silk used in the United States comes from Japan, and it is in the little farm houses of the archipelago that the deft peasant women, in competition with their sisters in Italy and China, prepare this silk. In all, over 1,700,000 Japanese rural families devote themselves to this and other occupations, and thus eke out the scanty returns from agriculture. Of the farming families almost a third have some occupation subsidiary to farming.

Thus the Japanese farmer, assiduous, economical and hard-pressed, has managed in the past to hold his own. In fact he has more than held his own. He has accomplished this largely as a result of a better agricultural education, for today several hundreds of thousands of Japanese have passed through the agricultural schools. By means of these better farming methods, the study of soils, the use of better seeds and of better fertilizers, the farmer has actually improved his lot. Not only does he raise more rice than before, as well as more rye, barley, wheat, beans, potatoes, sweet potatoes and other crops, but the value of these commodities has increased. He gets a better price for his rice. As a result the farmer who once went bare-headed now affects a hat, he wears rather better clothes, his house is somewhat better furnished, and not only does he send his boy to school, as he is obliged to do, but not infrequently sends him to high school. Endurance, skill, science and governmental guidance, together with favor-

able changes in agricultural world conditions, have enabled the microscopic Japanese farmer to better his conditions even in the face of an increased pressure of the farming population upon the narrow land area of Japan.

There are Japanese who believe that this progress can go on indefinitely. They point out that there is a margin of uncultivated land. One can still create new farms in the island of Hokkaido, and if all the mountain land with a slope of less than fifteen per cent. were brought under cultivation, an additional ten million acres would be available, or enough land for an extra ten million or more of rural dwellers. It is not an easy thing, however, to reclaim these lands and it cannot be done without the investment of much labor and capital, an investment which is unprofitable unless very high agricultural prices are maintained. Nor can it be expected that the farmer of Japan will forever be contented with his present meagre earnings. In the olden feudal days he received part of his reward in social prestige; though he stood below the *samurai*, he was above the merchants and mechanics. Today, however, Japan is accepting pecuniary standards in these matters, and the honest farmer, who with his family earns fifty or a hundred dollars a year, is rated lower than the little merchant who gains five hundred or a thousand dollars. Moreover, in Japan as elsewhere, the city offers social and intellectual pleasures unattainable on the farm. With each year therefore the farmer desires a better living and a more agreeable life. So overwhelming is the pres-

sure of population already, and so powerful is the attraction of even the slums of the great cities, that the exodus from the farms becomes greater every year.

Finally there seems little chance of any considerable improvement in the lot of the Japanese farmer without increasing the size of his farm. Intensive cultivation is the most wasteful farming in the world; while it saves materials it is excessively lavish in human labor, the most valuable commodity of all. It prevents the adequate use of draft animals and of labor-saving machinery. The ambition of the Japanese farmer is to add an acre or two to his Lilliputian farm, in order to employ his own labor and that of his family more effectively. But for each farmer to cultivate a larger area means a lessening of the number of farms on the present area.

Japan seems therefore to have reached the stage where the pressure of a growing population upon the farmland of the country will become increasingly intense. Even though new farms be created in the cold northern island of Hokkaido and on the mountain slopes there will not be room in the field of agriculture for more than the smallest portion of the new increases in the Japanese population. The countryside has doubtless not reached the point of saturation, where it can take in no new inhabitants. What is clear, however, is that the movement already begun from country to city will be sharply intensified. The new children will be met at manhood with the alternative of finding a place in Japanese cities, in Japanese fac-

tories, workshops and offices, or else of taking ship and emigrating, either to the overseas possessions of Japan or to lands further away in which the foreigner rules.

In Japan itself, however, there seem to be few misgivings concerning the population problem. Although the population is increasing by seven and a half millions a decade, the steadily rising birth-rate is hailed by all classes as a healthy sign of development. On the population question the Japanese are supremely optimistic.

In part, no doubt, this optimism is due to a general hopefulness of the people. Japan's recent military successes against China and Russia and her victory over the German garrison at Tsingtao have inspired in the population a vast self-confidence. Her industrial successes have had a similar effect. Her factories are multiplying, her commerce is expanding, her merchant marine is increasing by leaps and bounds. Money wages are rapidly advancing. Her attitude towards the question of population therefore is not like that of England of today, a country well advanced in industrialism, like a middle-aged manufacturer, successful and discreet. Japan's attitude is like that of England a hundred years ago, in the first flush of a youthful, optimistic industrialism. Japan still believes that the more babies the better.

In fact the high and above all increasing birth-rate among the Japanese seems to fit in with all the main trends of thought in the Empire. It suits the militarists, who believe that Japan, to become a world power, must have a population of one

hundred millions, in order to exert the outward pressure which will move frontiers and change the face of the world. To have empire, say the imperialists, we must have children; we must have children, say the capitalists, to have cheap labor and successful industries. Let us have children, cry all the Japanese people, in order to maintain our institutions, our religion based on ancestor worship, our family piety, our ancient rule of simple living and hard work.

The majority of men, and still more of women, upon whom the brunt of this pressure falls are as yet unrepresented in these discussions. The fathers of most Japanese babies are voteless and speechless; they do not discuss social problems. Yet they too, if they were consulted, would doubtless agree that large families were of benefit to the Emperor and the Empire. And theories or no theories they continue to breed.

The Japanese *savants* also think on this subject as do the people, and what is more significant act as do the people. In France we observe celibate intellectuals adjuring peasants and workmen to raise large families; in Japan the intellectuals have many children, five, seven, even nine to a family. They too seem quite unalarmed concerning the present growth of the population. In February of last year there was a convocation of economists at Kyoto to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Thomas Robert Malthus, and the meeting was devoted to a discussion of the population question. There were excellent papers, philosophical, statistical, expert, but no note of pessimism seems

to have been struck. The general opinion, apparently, was that agriculture, industrial development and emigration would take care of any increase likely to occur. Beneath all the economic arguments there ran a semi-religious, fatalistic, pre-Darwinian conception that no child is born without Nature providing in advance for its sustenance. It is an instinctive human attitude which appears and reappears through the centuries in West and East. "Some persons," observes the Chinese philosopher Ch'engtze (of the Sung dynasty), "say that there are more people than the land can possibly support. This is not so. Take the plants for example. If you place a certain number of them on the hillside, they take root and grow. The economy of Nature always provides for things that are produced. It is against reason, therefore, that there should be more men than the land can support."

So the Japanese population increases. At the present geometrical rate of growth, Japan proper (exclusive of Korea, Formosa, Saghalien and other possessions) would attain a population of one hundred millions in about forty years. But already the pressure of the growing population makes itself felt. Prices are rising, rents increasing; the great cities become intolerably congested and the cleavage between rich and poor grows deeper and wider. There is an outward pushing of Japan towards the iron mines of China; there is a feverish industrial activity; there is a growing dissatisfaction among the poor, a growing skepticism, an unrest, partly though vaguely revolu-

tionary and partly imperialistic. Finally a febrile quality appears in Japan's public opinion.

Because of this population pressure, Japan today is beset by perplexing difficulties, by divided counsels, by an uninformed discontent, which pushes her forward into all sorts of adventures. Though growing richer she feels an increased economic pressure. She is in the shadow of a great trial.

As England profited by her birth-rate a hundred years ago and came successfully through her great trial, so Japan may do in the twentieth contury. But the situation is not entirely the same. England then possessed a far smaller population than Japan now possesses; she had greater agricultural and infinitely more valuable mineral resources; she was a pioneer in industrialism whereas Japan is only the latest recruit, making her way against better equipped rivals. Moreover, England during the period of her highest birth-rate was able to send her surplus population not only to her own empty colonies but also to the United States and other foreign countries. Japanese emigration, on the other hand, is thwarted and checked.

Japan must meet the problem which England and other countries have successfully met, the problem of adjusting her political and economic development to her increasing birth-rate. She must meet this problem under difficulties greater and more perplexing than those which have faced the other nations in their great trial.

THE CLASH OF THE RACES

THE CLASH OF THE RACES

We must not forget that these men and women who file through the narrow gates at Ellis Island, hopeful, confused, with bundles of misconceptions as heavy as the great sacks upon their backs—we must not forget that these simple, rough-handed people are the ancestors of our descendants, the fathers and mothers of our children.

So it has been from the beginning. For a century a swelling human stream has poured across the ocean, fleeing from poverty in Europe to a chance in America. Englishman, Welshman, Scotchman, Irishman; German, Swede, Norwegian, Dane; Jew, Italian, Bohemian, Serb, Syrian, Hungarian, Pole, Greek—one race after another has knocked at our doors, been given admittance, has married us and begot our children. We could not have told by looking at them whether they were to be good or bad progenitors, for racially the cabin is not above the steerage, and dirt, like poverty and ignorance, is but skin-deep. A few hours, and the stain of travel has left the immigrant's cheek; a few years, and he loses the odor of alien soils; a generation or two, and these outlanders are irrevocably our race, our nation, our stock.

That stock, a little over a century ago, was al-

most pure British. True, Albany was Dutch, and many of the signs in the Philadelphia streets were in the German language. Nevertheless, five-sixths of all the family names collected in 1790 by the census authorities were pure English, and over nine-tenths (90.2 per cent.) were British. Despite the presence of Germans, Dutch, French, and Negroes, the American was essentially an Englishman once removed, an Englishman stuffed with English traditions, prejudices ,and stubbornnesses reading English books, speaking English dialects, practising English law and English evasions of the law, and hating England with a truly English hatred. In all but a political sense America was still one of "His Majesty's dominions beyond the sea." Even after immigration poured in upon us, the English stock was strong enough to impress upon the immigrating races its language, laws, and customs. Nevertheless, the incoming millions profoundly altered our racial structure. To-day over thirty-two million Americans are either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. No longer an Anglo-Saxon cousin, America has become the most composite of nations.

We cannot help seeing that such a vast transfusion of blood must powerfully affect the character of the American. What that influence is to be, however, whether for better or for worse, is a question more baffling. Our optimists conceive the future American, the child of this infinite intermarrying, as a glorified, synthetical person, re-

plete with the best qualities of all component races. He is to combine the sturdiness of the Bulgarian peasant, the poetry of the Pole, the vivid artistic perceptions of the Italian, the Jew's intensity, the German's thoroughness, the Irishman's verve, the tenacity of the Englishman, with the initiative and versatility of the American. The pessimist, on the other hand, fears the worst. America, he believes, is committing the unpardonable sin; is contracting a *mésalliance*, grotesque and gigantic. We are diluting our blood with the blood of lesser breeds. We are suffering adulteration. The stamp upon the coin—the flag, the language, the national sense—remains, but the silver is replaced by lead.

All of which is singularly unconvincing. In our families, the children do not always inherit the best qualities of father and mother, and we have no assurance that the children of mixed races have this selective gift and rise superior to their parent stocks. Nor do we know that they fall below. We hear much concerning "pure" races and "mongrel" races. But is there in all the world a pure race? The Jew, once supposed to be of Levitical pureness, is now known to be racially unorthodox. The Englishmen is not pure Anglo-Saxon, the German is not Teutonic, the Russian is not Slav. To be mongrel may be a virtue or a vice. We do not know. The problem is too subtle, too elusive, and we have no approved receipts in this vast eugenic kitchen. Intermarrying will go on, whether we like it or loathe it, for love laughs at

racial barriers and the maidens of one nation look fair to the youths of another. Let the kettle boil and let us hope for the best.

But the newcomer brings with him more than his potential parenthood, and he influences America and the American in other ways than by marriage and procreation. He creates new problems of adjustment. He enters into a new environment. He creates a new environment for us. Unconsciously but irresistibly he transforms an America which he does not know. He forces the native American to change, to change that he may feel at home in his own home.

When we seek to discover what is the exact influence of the immigrant upon his new environment, we are met with difficulties almost as insurmountable as those which enter into the problem of the immigrant's influence upon our common heredity. Social phenomena are difficult to isolate. The immigrant is not merely an immigrant; he is also a wage-earner, a city-dweller, perhaps an illiterate. Wage-earning, city-dwelling, and illiteracy are all contributing influences. Your immigrant is a citizen of the new factory, of the great industrial State, within, yet almost overshadowing, the political State. Into each of our problems—wages and labor, illiteracy, crime, vice, insanity, pauperism, democracy—the immigrant enters.

There is in all the world no more difficult, no more utterly bewildering problem than this of the intermingling of races. Already thirty million im-

migrants have arrived, of whom considerably over twenty millions have remained. To interpret this pouring of new, strange millions into the old, to trace its result upon the manners, the morals, the emotional and intellectual reactions of the Americans, is like searching out the yellow waters of the Missouri in the vast flood of the lower Mississippi. Our immigrating races are many, and they meet diverse kinds of native Americans on varying planes and at innumerable contact points. So complex is the resulting pattern, so multitudinous are the threads interwoven into so many perplexing combinations, that we struggle in vain to unweave this weaving. At best we can merely follow a single color, noting its appearance here and its reappearance there, in this vast and many-hued tapestry which we call American life.

Fortunately we are not compelled to embark upon so ambitious a study. We are here concerned, not with the all-inclusive question, "Is Immigration good or bad?" but with the problem of how immigration has contributed to certain broad developments in the character and habits of the American, and even to this question we must be content with a half-answer.

When we compare the America of to-day with the America of half a century ago, certain differences stand out sharply. America to-day is far richer. It is also more stratified. Our social gamut has been widened. There are more vivid contrasts, more startling differences, in education and in the general chances of life. We are less

rural and more urban, losing the virtues and the vices, the excellences and the stupidities, of country life, and gaining those of the city. We are massing in our cities armies of the poor to take the place of country ne'er-do-wells and village hangers-on. We are more sophisticated. We are more lax and less narrow. We have lost our earlier frugal simplicity, and have become extravagant and competitively lavish. We have, in short, created a new type of American, who lives in the city, reads newspapers and even books, bathes frequently, travels occasionally; a man, fluent intellectually and physically restless, ready but not profound, intent upon success, not without idealism, but somewhat disillusioned, pleasure-loving, hard-working, humorous. At the same time there grows a sense of a social mal-adjustment, a sense of a failure of America to live up to expectations, and an intensifying desire to right a not clearly perceived wrong. There develops a vigorous, if somewhat vague and untrained, moral impulse, an impulse based on social rather than individual ethics, unesthetic, democratic, headlong.

Although this development might have come about in part, at least, without immigration, the process has been enormously accelerated by the arrival on our shores of millions of Europeans. These men came to make a living, and they made not only their own but other men's fortunes. They hastened the dissolution of old conditions; they undermined old standards by introducing new; their very traditions facilitated the growth of that

traditionless quality of the American mind which hastened our material transformation.

How we estimate this influence of the immigrant depends upon our definition of the term. In a sense we are all immigrants, from the straightest lineal descendant of Miles Standish to the burly "Hunkie" unloaded at Ellis Island this morning; from the men who came over in the *Mayflower* to the men who came over in the newest liner. We may, however, arbitrarily define immigration as beginning with 1820, the first year for which we have statistics. Prior to that date the transatlantic movement was feeble. During the Colonial period only a trickling stream flowed across the ocean. The Revolutionary War cut us off from Europe. England was hostile, the rest of the world indifferent. America was little known and not well-known. During the forty years ending in 1820, less than a quarter-million Europeans came to America. At present more immigrants land on a single summer day than arrived a century ago during a whole year.

The very poverty of the European masses prevented their exodus. A ticket for the hold of one of the pitching little sailing-vessels cost about ten pounds. But where should a laborer in those days find ten pounds? Men were born, grew up, married, begot children, and died at a ripe old age without ever owning a pound, without ever touching or seeing a five-pound note. To buy his passage the emigrant sold himself. He became an "indentured" servant liable to a number of

years of unpaid labor in America. This service was neither brief nor easy. Adults usually indentured themselves from three to six years; children from ten to fifteen, or until they came of age. If, on the way over, a man's parents died—and this event was common enough—the orphan served their time as well as his own. At Philadelphia, at Boston, at New York, dealers in "indentured servants" boarded the boat to look for a "likely boy" or a not too old housekeeper. Parents sometimes sold their children, to remain free themselves. The traffic, though lucrative to the ship-owner and advantageous to the farmer, pressed hardly on the poor "indentured servants," often chained together and peddled off in the Colonial villages.

It is not strange that immigration increased. Gradually transportation facilities improved, America became better known, and the European population more mobile. Immigrants, already established in America, sent home money to permit other immigrants to come. The endless chain began to revolve. In 1828 the number of arriving immigrants exceeded twenty-seven thousand, as compared with less than eight thousand only four years earlier. In 1832 another powerful impulse carried the immigration to over sixty thousand annually. During the next twelve years immigration maintained itself at a fairly constant level, averaging, almost seventy thousand a year. Then in 1845 there came to the transatlantic movement a stupendous and unprecedented growth. Soon

the two-hundred-thousand mark was reached, then three hundred thousand, and finally, in 1854, no less than four hundred and twenty-seven thousand immigrants arrived. In proportion to our population, it was the greatest immigration this country has ever had.

No one who knew the state of Europe need have wondered at this human flood. The feudal conditions in Germany, which had survived the French Revolution and Napoleon, were at last disintegrating; industry was beginning, the power loom was destroying the old hand-weavers; education was spreading, and the population was on the move, intellectually and physically. To these conditions, making for a freer-footed peasantry, a special occurrence contributed. The bitter winter of 1845 destroyed innumerable vineyards. The melting snows swelled the Danube, the Elbe, the Main, the Moselle, the Rhine, devastating the surrounding country. The potato crop, the main resource of the German peasant, failed utterly, and during the winter of 1846 hosts of people stolidly starved. Those who had the means to leave discovered that America was the one way out, and so on the white Strasburg road long lines of carts began to make their way from Bavaria and Würtemberg, from Baden and Hesse-Cassel, to the nearest seaport. "There they go slowly along," wrote a sympathetic observer, "their miserable tumbrils drawn by such starved, drooping beasts that your only wonder is how they can possibly hope to reach Havre alive." The carts

were littered with the scanty property of the emigrants, and "piled on the top of all are the women and children, the sick and bedridden, and all who are too exhausted with the journey to walk. One might take it for a convoy of wounded, the relics of a battlefield, but for the rows of little white heads peeping from beneath the ragged hoods."

If these German emigrants, these new adventurers, were poor, what may we say of the Irish, who in their fearfully overcrowded island were, at the best on the verge of starvation? The horrible ravages of the potato famine of 1846 among the wretched poor of Ireland need no repetition. Untold thousands died in their huts; others, finding no relief in the towns congested with starving folk, lay down in the streets and died. "Along the country roads," writes Justin McCarthy, "one met everywhere groups of gaunt, dim-eyed wretches, clad in miserable old sacking and wandering aimlessly with some vague idea of finding food."

This was the impulse, this "vague idea of finding food," which in the fifties brought millions of West Europeans across the ocean. The voyage was desperate. The vessels, officered by ignorant, underpaid, and often brutal captains, and crowded to the gunwale with despised passengers, carried fever in their holds. The dead were consigned to the sea, the sick and stricken were put off at New York or Boston, to fill the hospitals and almshouses. The Germans, some of whom had means, moved in a never-ending line to the western

frontier. The less mobile Irish were to a great extent stranded in the Eastern cities.

This immigration was by no means cordially welcomed. From 1835 on, a strongly antagonistic attitude manifested itself in the "Native-American" and "Know-Nothing" movements, both of which were largely anti-Catholic in animus and political in form. The Nativists demanded a restriction of immigration and the appointment of only native Americans to political office. The "Know-Nothing" party, which arose out of the enormous immigration of the late forties, elected a number of Senators and Representatives, but remained without effect on national legislation. Immigration went on unimpeded.

The conditions, however, in which the newly arrived immigrants found themselves, and the conditions which they made for themselves, were by no means all that might have been desired. America did nothing to protect the newcomers, and the first and most lasting impression which the alien received was often the lodging-house shark or some other of the numerous exploiters who infested the landing-place at Castle Garden. Nor did the majority of immigrants bring with them high standards of living. The new-comers from southern and western Ireland had spent their early lives in the utmost squalor, in crowded, wretched, ill-lit, ill-ventilated hovels, with no floor and no furniture, and no beds but heaps of filthy straw or filthier rags. From miserable huts of this sort these immigrants migrated to horrible

tenements in loathsome American alleys. The transition meant no immediate radical improvement in their habits.

As a matter of history, most of the conditions and influences now ascribed to immigration were ascribed to it half a century and more ago. Then, as now, the resident had a prejudice against the new-comer, because of his lower standards. Though the native refused to associate with the alien, he none the less objected to the latter's isolation, to the clannishness of the Irish and to the close congregation of Germans, who formed racial clots in the American vascular system. It was complained that these aliens "have their own theatres, recreations, amusements, military and national organizations; to a great extent their own schools, churches, and trade-unions; their own newspapers and periodical literature." A quiet social ostracism prevailed, emphasized from time to time by attacks upon Catholic churches or German Turner societies, by persecutions of foreign-born children in the schools, and by occasional vehement denunciations from rostrum and pulpit.

In the meanwhile, however, the immigrant was quietly being changed by America and was quietly changing America. After 1854 immigration fell off rapidly, and during the early years of the Civil War it dwindled to less than a hundred thousand a year. The country was expanding at an unprecedented rate. The war absorbed native and foreign born, and the growing West made its appeal to all. Industry grew stupendously, the

railroads opened new territories, and cities sprang up everywhere. The immigrants were learning American ways, were marrying American wives, were begetting and rearing American children. The son of the German or Irish immigrant was more American than the Americans.

What happened in the forties and fifties has been repeated again and again, though in less spectacular form. The source of immigration has changed, but the impulse has remained the same. Hundreds of thousands have come to escape religious or political persecution, but the movement of the millions has been an economic movement, impelled by economic causes and subject to economic laws. Immigration ebbed and flowed, declining after panics and depressions in America, and increasing to torrential floods with each European calamity or with each sudden improvement in American industry. Progress, however, was upward. Immigrants were insulted, cheated, occasionally murdered, but those who survived and prospered wrote glowing letters home, while the men who died from tuberculosis and dynamite explosions wrote no letters. Year by year the inflow increased. The average gross immigration during the years 1905-1912 was only a little under a million a year.

A change, however, has come over this movement. Of the total immigration from 1820 to 1860, over one-half was British and Irish, and over one-fourth German. Since 1881, our immigrants have come chiefly from southern and east-

ern Europe. To-day there climb out of the ship's steerage Italians, Greeks, Bohemians, Lithuanians, Poles, Magyars, Russians, Hebrews, Syrians, Armenians, Turks, Croatians, Slovenians, Slovaks, Servians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, Dalmatians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinians. Improved transportation and improved conditions in Europe have contributed to this development. We could not have expected many more immigrants from Ireland. That country's population is less than five years of our total inflow; if all our immigrants were to come from Ireland, not a soul would be left by the year 1918. Sweden's population is that of New York City; Norway's that of Chicago. We could empty both countries in a decade. Germany's large population grows, but conditions there are improving so rapidly that the Empire now *attracts* immigrants. Eastern and southern Europe, on the other hand, are awakening. The railroad, trolley, newspaper, telegraph, telephone, invade the interior. Men begin to move. The attraction of America reaches ever farther. To-day the peasant in Dalmatia, Syria, Basilicata, is *nearer* America, knows more about us, than did the man from Galway, or Bavaria half a century ago. The Italian in New York City goes to a moving-picture theatre on Elizabeth Street and sees on the screen the faces of friends who, a few months before, embarked from Naples for the Tripolitan war. For a few *soldi* an urchin of Palermo actually sees "Little Italy."

That is the history of our immigration, a coming together of the New and the Old World. The attraction of America penetrates ever deeper into Europe, from the maritime peoples living on the fringe of the ocean, to the inland plains, and then into somnolent, winter-locked mountain villages. Simultaneously Europe changes America. You can alter any country if you pour in enough millions. These immigrants, moreover, are of a character to effect changes. America's attraction is not to the good or to the bad, to the saint or to the sinner, but to the young, the aggresive, the restless, the ambitious. The Europeans in America are chosen men, for there is a rigorous selection at home and a rigorous selection here, the discouraged and defeated returning by the shipload. These immigrating races are virile, tenacious, prolific. Each shipload of new-comers carries to American life an impulse like the rapidly succeeding explosions of a gasolene-engine.

Moreover, these immigrants, peasants at home, become city-dwellers here. The city is the heart of our body social. It is the home of education, amusement, culture, crime, discontent, social contacts—and power. The immigrant, even in the gutter of the city, is often nearer to the main currents of our national life than is the average resident of the country. His children are more literate, more restless, more wide-awake.

With such numbers, such qualities, and such a position within the social network, one might imagine that the immigrant would gradually trans-

form us in his own likeness. But no such direct influence is visible. As a nation we have not learned politeness, although we have drawn millions of immigrants from the politest peoples in the world. Our national irreverence is not decreased, but, on the contrary, is actually increased, by the mass of idols, of good old customs, memories, religions, which come to us in the steerage. Nor is the immigrant's influence in any way intentional. Though he hopes that America will make him, the immigrant has no presumptuous thought of making America. To him, America is a fixed, unchanging environmental thing, a land to browse on.

This very passivity of the newly arrived immigrant is the most tremendous of influences. The workman who does not join a union, the citizen who sends his immature children to the factory, the man who does not become naturalized, or who maintains a standard of living below an inadequate wage, such a one by contagion and pressure changes conditions and lowers standards all about him, undermining to the extent of his lethargy our entire social edifice. The aim of Americanization is to combat this passive influence. Two forces, like good and evil, are opposed on that long frontier line where the immigrant comes into contact with the older resident. The American, through self-protection, not love, seeks to raise the immigrant to his economic level, the immigrant, through self-protection, not through knowledge, involuntarily accepts condi-

tions which tend to drag the American down to his. In this contest much that we ordinarily account virtue is evil; much that is ugly is good. The immigrant girl puts on a corset, exchanges her picturesque headdress for a flowering monstrosity of an American hat, squeezes her honest peasant's foot into a narrow, thin-soled American shoe—and behold, it is good. It is a step toward assimilation, toward a more expensive if not a more lovely standard of living. It gives hostages to America. It makes the frenzied saving of the early days impossible. Docility, abnegation, and pecuniary abasement are not economic virtues, however highly they may be rated in another category.

In still other ways this assimilation alters and limits the alien's influence. Much is lost in the process. The immigrant comes to us laden with gifts, but we have not the leisure to take nor he the opportunity to tender. The brilliant native costumes, the strange, vibrant dialects, the curious mental molds are soon faded or gone. The old religions, the old customs, the traditional manners, the ancient lace do not survive the melting-pot. Assimilation, however necessary, ends the charm and rareness of our quaint human importations.

For this esthetic degeneration the immigrant must not be blamed. To gain himself he must lose himself. He must adopt "our ways." The Italian day laborer finds that macaroni and lettuce are not a suitable diet for ten hours' work on the

subway or the Catskill dam. The politeness of sunny southern Europe is at a discount in our skurrying, elbowing crowds. The docility of the peasant damns a man irretrievably in the struggle to rise, and conservatism in gentle, outlandish manners is impossible in kaleidoscopic America. The immigrant, therefore, accepts our standards wholesale and indiscriminately. He "goes the limit" of assimilation—slang, clothes, and chewing-gum. He accommodates himself quickly to that narrow fringe of America which affects him most immediately. The Talmudist in Russia is, for better or worse, no Talmudist here: he is a cloak-presser or a real-estate broker. The Greek shepherd becomes an elevator-boy or a hazardous speculator in resuscitated violets. The Sicilian bootblack learns to charge ten cents for a five-cent shine; the candy-vender from Macedonia haggles long before he knows a hundred English words; the Pole who never has seen a coal-mine becomes adept at the use of the steam-shovel.

Another limit to the immigrant's influence is due to the fact that the America to which he adapts himself is the America that he first meets, the America at the bottom. That bottom changes as America changes from an agricultural to an industrial nation. For the average immigrant there is no longer a free farm on a Western frontier: there is only a job as an unskilled or semi-skilled workman. For that job a knowledge of his letters is not absolutely necessary. Nor is a knowledge of English. There are in America

to-day a few millions of aliens who cannot speak English or read or write their native tongue, and who, from an industrial point of view, are almost mere muscle. The road from bottom to top becomes steeper and more inaccessible. Stratification begins.

Because of his position at the bottom of a stratified society, the immigrant—especially the recent immigrant—does not exert any large direct influence. Taken in the mass, he does not run our businesses, make our laws, write our books, paint our pictures, preach to us, teach us or prescribe for us. His indirect influence, on the other hand, is increased rather than diminished by his position at the bottom of the structure. When he moves, all superincumbent groups must of necessary shift their positions. This indirect influence is manifold. The immigration of enormous numbers of unskilled "interchangeable" laborers, who can be moved about like pawns, standardizes our industries, facilitates the growth of stupendous business units, and generally promotes plasticity. The immigrant, by his mere presence, by his mere readiness to be used, speeds us up; he accelerates the whole *tempo* of our industrial life. He changes completely "the balance of power" in industry, politics, and social life generally. The feverish speed of our labor, which is so largely pathological, is an index of this. The arrival of ever fresh multitudes adds to the difficulties of securing a democratic control of either industry or politics. The presence of the unskilled, unlettered

immigrant excites the cupidity of men who wish to make money quickly and do not care how. It makes an essentially kind-hearted people callous. Why save the lives of "wops"? What does it matter if our industry kills a few thousand more or less, when, if we wish, we can get millions a year from inexhaustible Europe? Immigration acts to destroy our brakes. It keeps us, as a nation, transitional.

Of course this transitional quality of America was due partly to our virgin continent. There was always room in the West; a man did not settle, but merely lighted on a spot, like a migratory bird on its southern journey. Immigration, however, intensified and protracted this development. Each race had to fight for its place. Natives were displaced by Irish, who were displaced in turn by Germans, Russians, Italians, Portuguese, Greeks, Syrians. Whole trades were deserted by one nation and conquered by another. The peoples of eastern Europe inundated the Pennsylvania mining districts, displacing Irish, English, and Welsh miners. The Irish street laborer disappeared; the Italian quietly took his shovel. Russian Jews revolutionized the clothing trade, driving out Germans as these had driven out native Americans. The old homes of displaced nations were inhabited by new peoples; the old peoples were shoved up or down, but, in any case, out. Cities, factories, neighborhoods changed with startling rapidity. Connecticut schools, once attended by descendants of the Pilgrims, became

overfilled with dark-eyed Italian lads and tow-headed Slavs. Protestant churches were stranded in Catholic or Jewish neighborhoods. America changed rapidly, feverishly. That peculiar quiet restlessness of America, the calm fear with which we search with the tail of our eye to avoid swirling automobiles, the rush and recklessness of our life, were increased by the mild, law-abiding people who came to us from abroad.

There was a time when all these qualities were good, or at least had their good features. So long as we had elbow-room in the West, so long as we were young and growing, with a big continent to make our mistakes in, even recklessness was a virtue. But to-day America is no longer elastic, the road from bottom to top is not so short and not so unimpeded as it once was. We cannot any longer be sure that the immigrant will find his proper place in our Eastern mills or on our Western farms without injury to others—or to himself.

The time has passed when we exulted in the number of grown-up men, bred at another country's expense, who came to work for us and fertilize our soils with their dead bones. The time has passed when we believed that mere numbers were all. To-day, despite night schools, settlements, and a whole network of Americanizing agencies, we have teeming, polyglot slums and the clash of race with race in sweatshop and factory, mine and lumber-camp. We have a mixture of ideals, a confusion of standards, a conglomeration

of clashing views of life. We, the many-nationed nation of America, bring the Puritan tradition, a trifle anæmic and thin, a little the worse for disuse. The immigrant brings a babel of traditions, an all too plastic mind, a willingness to copy our virtues and vices, to imitate us for better or for worse. All of which hampers and delays the formation of a national consciousness.

From whatever point we view the new America, we cannot help seeing how intimately the changes have been bound up with our immigration, especially with that of recent years. The widening of the social gamut becomes more significant when we recall that with unrestricted immigration our poorest citizens are periodically recruited from the poor of the poorest countries of Europe. Our differences in education, while they have other causes, are sharply accentuated by our enormous development of university and high schools at the one end, and by the increasing illiteracy of our immigrants at the other. In cities where there are large immigrant populations we note the beginning of a change in our attitude toward the public schools, toward uinversal suffrage, toward many of the pious, if unrealized, national ideals of an earlier period.

Fundamentally, however, the essential fact about our present-day immigration is not that the immigrant has changed (though that fact is of great importance), but that the America to which the immigrant comes has changed fundamentally and permanently. And the essential fact about

the immigrant's effect on American character is this, that the gift of the immigrant to the nation is not the qualities which he himself had at home, but the very qualities which Americans have always had. In other words, at a time when American industrial, political, and social conditions are changing, partly as a result of immigration itself, the immigrant hampers our psychological adjustment to such changes by giving scope and exercise to old national characteristics which should be obsolescent.

America to-day is in transition. We have moved rapidly from one industrial world to another, and this progress has been aided and stimulated by immigration. The psychological change, however, which should have kept pace with this industrial transition, has been slower and less complete. It has been retarded by the very rapidity of our immigration and by the tremendous educational tasks which that influx placed upon us. The immigrant is a challenge to our highest idealism, but the task of Americanizing the extra millions of new-comers has hindered progress in the task of democratizing America.

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